Joseph Taylor Robinson

LATE A SENATOR
FROM ARKANSAS

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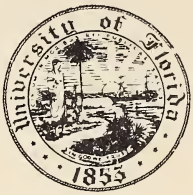

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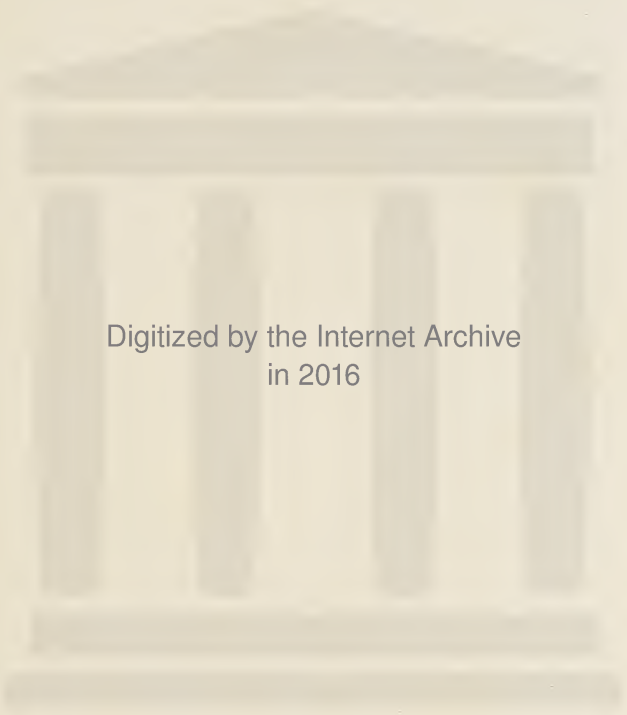

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER
WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Joseph Taylor Robinson

LATE A SENATOR
FROM ARKANSAS

Seventy-fifth Congress
Third Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1938

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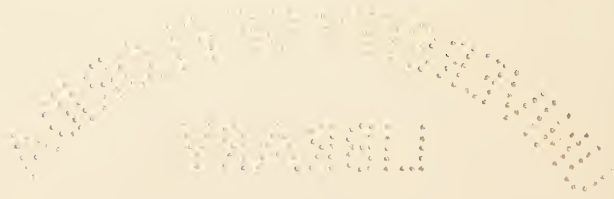

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Biography

JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON was born on a farm near Lonoke, Lonoke County, Ark., August 26, 1872; attended the common schools, the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, and the law department of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville; was admitted to the bar in 1895 and commenced practice in Lonoke, Ark.; member of the State general assembly in 1895; presidential elector on the Democratic ticket of Bryan and Stevenson in 1900 and was selected as the messenger to deliver the electoral vote of the State of Arkansas; elected as a Democrat to the Fifty-eighth and to the four succeeding Congresses, and served from March 4, 1903, to January 14, 1913, when he resigned, having been elected governor; Governor of Arkansas from January 16, 1913, to March 8, 1913, when he resigned, having been elected Senator on January 28, 1913; moved to Little Rock, Ark., in 1913; elected to the United States Senate in 1913; reelected in 1918, 1924, 1930, and 1936, and served from March 4, 1913, until his death; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions at San Francisco in 1920, at New York City in 1924, at Houston, Tex., in 1928, at Chicago, in 1932, and at Philadelphia in 1936, serving as chairman of the 1920, 1928, and 1936 conventions; served as Democratic minority leader of the Senate 1923–1933, and as Democratic majority leader from 1933 until his death; unsuccessful candidate for Vice President of the United States on the Democratic ticket with Alfred E. Smith for President in 1928; delegate to the London naval conference in 1930; died in Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937; funeral services were held in the Chamber of the United States Senate; interment in Roselawn Memorial Park near Little Rock, Ark.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *March 17, 1938.*

Mr. JARMAN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 445, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 445

Resolved, That on Wednesday, April 20, 1938, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the third session of the Seventy-fifth Congress on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-fifth Congress
Third Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Army Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer——The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation——The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Crossing the Bar——W. L. Thickstun
Interstate Male Chorus

Scripture Reading and Prayer——The Chaplain

Roll of Deceased Members——The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence

Address——Hon. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY
Representative from the State of Vermont

The Lamp in the West——Horatio Parker
Interstate Male Chorus

Address——Hon. FRITZ G. LANHAM
Representative from the State of Texas

Cornet Solo—Nearer My God to Thee——Ralph K. Ostrom
Master Sergeant, United States Army Band Orchestra

Benediction——The Chaplain

Joseph Taylor Robinson

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1938.

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "Crossing the Bar," by W. L. Thickstun.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. (Psalm 23.)

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch

in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. (Psalm 90.)

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

Almighty and most merciful God, our Father, from whom our spirits come and to whom they shall return, grant unto all sorrowing hearts the consolation of Thy grace. Strengthen, we beseech Thee, the faith of all bereaved ones, that they may contemplate with peace the blessedness of that eternal home which Thou hast prepared for all whom Thou hast redeemed. Grant that all others whose joy is turned into mourning may not murmur nor faint under their afflictions; but cleaving more closely unto Thee, O blessed Lord and Saviour, who art the resurrection and the life, may be led by Thy Holy Spirit through all the trials of this uncertain life, till the day break and the shadows flee away. Amen.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, holier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. A. E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, Senator from the State of Arkansas: Lawyer; member of the General Assembly of Arkansas, 1895; Presidential elector, 1900; Member of the House of Representatives Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, and Sixty-second Congresses; Governor of Arkansas, 1913; elected to the United States Senate January 1913; reelected in 1918, 1924, 1930, and 1936; chairman of the minority conference, 1923–33, and chairman of the majority conference, 1933–37. Died July 14, 1937.

PHILIP ARNOLD GOODWIN, Twenty-seventh Congressional District of New York: Businessman; engaged in steel bridge building, 1902–16; director and president of the National Bank of Coxsackie; vice president of the Coxsackie Milling & Supply Co.; trustee, Heermance Memorial Library; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died June 6, 1937.

WILLIAM PATRICK CONNERY, Jr., Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts: Actor, theatrical manager, soldier, lawyer; served 19 months in France in all major operations of the Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division; promoted from private to regimental color sergeant for meritorious service; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Labor. Died June 15, 1937.

THEODORE ALBERT PEYSER, Seventeenth Congressional District of New York: Businessman; special agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.; collector of etchings; member of the Jefferson Island Club and Wild Goose Club at Harmony, Maine; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Died August 8, 1937.

ROBERT POTTER HILL, Fifth Congressional District of Oklahoma: Lawyer, educator, police magistrate of Marion, Ill., 1903; city attorney of Marion, 1908–10; member of the Illinois State House of Representatives, 1910–12; Member of the Sixty-third Congress from Illinois; assistant county attorney, Oklahoma County; district judge of Oklahoma; Member of the Seventy-fifth Congress from Oklahoma. Died October 29, 1937.

EDWARD ALOYSIUS KENNEY, Ninth Congressional District of New Jersey: Lawyer; admitted to the bar of the State of New York in 1908, and to the bar of the State of New Jersey in 1917; member

of Legal Advisory Draft Board in 1917; judge of recorder's court of Cliffside Park, 1919–23; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died January 27, 1938.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Hon. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY, a Representative from the State of Vermont, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES A. PLUMLEY

Mr. Speaker, we have met once more according to our reverent custom in order to note the passing of the year and properly to observe the absence of those colleagues and friends of ours departed.

This memorial day is in some respects the most significant and important of our calendar, with its solemn and tender associations. Solemn, for it bids us pause and measure each for himself the duty he owes to a common country; tender, since it opens the floodgates of memory to a tide of emotions and recollections which bring before us again in form and in voice those colleagues of ours who "short days ago lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, loved, and were loved."

I see a hand you cannot see!
I hear a voice you cannot hear.

They have gone, but, as the poet has said:

Whatever comes must go—and so the rose
That for a little trembles on its stalk,
Dying, will cast its petals in a shower
Upon the garden walk.

There is no permanence: Impatient time
So swiftly shifts the curtains of life's show,
It will not long possess us, ill or good—
Whatever comes, must go.

And so today those of us who are still standing on this "narrow isthmus twixt two boundless seas"; the past, the future; two eternities, are living again those happy days of

friendship, association, and fellowship, in the land of yesterday of memory, a paradise out of which fate cannot drive us.

> Oh memories that bless and burn,
> Oh barren gain and bitter loss;
> I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
> To kiss the cross.

Those colleagues of ours. Once more we seem to see them and to hear them trying to make some nook of God's creation a little more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; endeavoring to make some human hearts a little wiser, more mindful, happier, more blessed, less accursed; striving to widen the intellectual horizon of the people, helping to lay the foundation of a better individual life, showing them new goals for endeavor; inspiring them with more varied and higher ideals—

> To strive, to seek, to find
> And not to yield.

The good which these friends of ours did and tried to do will never die, whether it be recognized or unrecognized as such, for it lives and will live and work through endless ages, since no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies or can die.

> Perchance beyond the veil unreal there lies
> Somewhere fulfillment we now court in vain;
> Perchance beyond this haggard life that dies
> Dwells that for which our spent ideals strain.

There is no heroic poem in the world but in reality is a biography of a man. There is no life of a man faithfully recorded but is in itself a heroic poem, rhymed or unrhymed. All that history and biography and experience teach is summed up in the fact that no great freedom has ever been established by spontaneous growth, nor has it ever been self-sustaining or self-protecting. Liberties are rare plants demanding eternal vigilance and continuous defense. No great expansion or extension of human opportunity has ever come to pass by accident. Somewhere, sometime, somehow, some man has paid the price.

This is the inexorable and unchanging law. The advance of truth across the world has been marked by little circles of blackened earth, where yesterday the martyr stood.

America stands before the world as the highest and almost the only representative of a political system which gives each individual a common share of authority and responsibility of government. It necessarily follows that the collective wealth and intelligence of our people are but agencies to conserve the rights, the principles, the liberties, and the essential dignity of man as man. The work of patriots is never finished. The theory of our citizenship is larger today than yesterday, and the inalienable right of the common citizen to life, liberty, and happiness has changed our declaration of rights into a declaration of obligation, and made it necessary for each one of us to bear the burden of the responsibility of the liberties which we enjoy.

As George William Curtis said of friends of his, so I say of those colleagues of ours, "To them the welfare of their country was dearer and meant more than any mere partisan political victory. This patriotism is scorned by some as an impracticable theory, as a dream of a cloister, and even by some as the whim of the fool." But such was the folly of the Spartan Leonidas, staying with his 300, the Persian horde, and teaching Greece the self-reliance that saved her. Such was the folly of the Swiss Arnold von Winkelried, gathering into his own breast the host of Austrian spears, making his dead body the bridge of victory for his countrymen. Such was the folly of the American Nathan Hale, gladly risking the seeming disgrace of his name, and grieving that he had but one life to give for his country. Such are the beacon lights of a pure patriotism that burn forever in men's memories and answer each other through the illuminated ages. This is the spirit of a patriotism that girds the commonwealth with the resistless splendor of the moral law—"the invulnerable panoply of States, the celestial secret of a great Nation and a happy people."

America has made her progress through and by the necessity and the agitation of man for equal opportunity and for individual expression, by the urgency in man for liberty to grow, by the necessity for man that political conditions should respond more nearly to the urging of man's inner and spiritual nature.

This day forcefully reminds us that heroism is not confined to the tented field and that courage is not required exclusively for war and death. Not every great cause leads to battle and to death and only a few are called upon to die for their country, while all of us are called upon to live for it. To die nobly is heroic, but to live nobly is magnificent. These colleagues of ours taught us how to live as well as how to die. They played the game until it was called on account of darkness. As someone has well said:

We play with life—a game that ends in losing
And yet still must be played, though cards are stacked.
What matter if the deal is not our choosing?
What matter if we play with bodies racked
By pain or filled with joy? The game is such
We gamble till death shows the winning hand.
Yes; truly we must trust God overmuch
To play a game we do not understand.
It might be that the game is never ended,
Though death may win from life, there still may be
A power beyond time, uncomprehended,
That does not fear to fight for such as we.
To futures that forever will endure
This life and death may be the overture.

These colleagues of ours were all strong, able men who exemplified the finest traditions of America's equality of opportunity not one of whom ever thought of himself as a great man. My friends, nothing is more simple than greatness, for to be simple is to be great.

That man is great, and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own
For neither price, nor pelf;
Content to know and to be unknown,
Whole in himself.

We are more than ever this day impressed by our conclusion that the welfare of our country depends upon such men as they were; upon the courage and the spirit and the understanding with which we, each one of us, meet and discharge, as they did, the ever recurring, homely, undramatic duties of everyday life.

How well we know that just in proportion as each citizen, as the average man, may meet and discharge his patriotic duty and make the necessary sacrifices required of every unselfish loyal American citizen, to just this extent can the stability, the permanency, and the character of our institutions be assured.

Throughout the pages of history the force of dynamic personalities is projected beyond the workaday sphere of ordinary mortals. Their thoughts and their actions, because of the fact that their viewpoint is accompanied by a contagious sense of honesty, justice, and truth, live after them for succeeding generations to emulate and apply. The lives of such men as these colleagues and friends of ours, and their efforts, and what they sought to accomplish, or effected, in political, social, and economic institutions, make history.

They, each and every one of them, would be the last to admit it, much less to boast of the fact; nevertheless it is true that they inherently possessed those qualities of character which made them great in spite of themselves; qualities which at any time and all times in any person have won, and always will win, a positive and indestructible claim to a place among the select nobility of mankind.

We must still serve if we would save, still sacrifice if we would preserve; to get is not all or much; to give is the nobler part. License is not liberty, for anarchy knows no true liberty. Freedom is blessed only when held in reasonable restraint, and to obey the law, not to avoid or evade it, is the duty of all.

It also follows, therefore, that the rule of service and sacrifice, animating and controlling all hearts, shaping all

actions, declaring alike the duty and ability of all, is the only sure safeguard of our American institutions, as it is also the secure and sustaining bulwark of this Republic.

As I listened just now to the roll call and no familiar voice responded, and there was no answer, I was reminded that from the date of his death on June 27, 1800, at Oberhausen, Bavaria, until 1814 the name of Latour d'Auvergne was retained on the roll of his company of grenadiers, as a mark of honor. At each and every roll call when d'Auvergne's name was reached, the color sergeant answered: "Dead on the field of honor."

So do we answer for those friends of ours.

As the poet would have it—

> We met like ships upon the sea
> Who hold an hour's converse so short, so sweet!
> Oh, little hours! and then away they speed
> On lonely paths through mist and cloud and foam
> To meet no more.

To meet no more? Ah, there is the rub!

If immortality—

As Senator Ingalls said—

> be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of their human career, e'en the longest and most fortunate, be not perfected and supplemented after its termination here, then he who fears to die should dread to live, for life would be a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

The old, old fashion—death—with its perpetual, persistent, and ever-recurring challenge, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

From remote antiquity men have tried to find an answer to that question. Scientists and philosophers, Sophists, and logicians have pointed intellectual telescopes toward the inscrutable fastnesses of futurity, only to be thwarted and set at naught by that blank wall which separates the seen from the unseen, the fathomed from the unfathomable.

Strange, is it not, that with the inevitability of death always before them, men find it possible, under ordinary

circumstances, to draw the curtains of their minds against it? Yet there are moments in the life of almost every man when "sad images of the shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house" cause him "to shudder and grow sick at heart." And, however they may be formulated, these thoughts inevitably resolve themselves at last into Job's poignant question.

That question has been answered. But the answer did not come from the scientists or the philosophers, the Sophists or the logicians. It came from a Man in far-off Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and He framed it in these simple but dynamic words:

Because I live ye shall live also.

So today we say with Dickens:

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of immortality!

The Interstate Male Chorus sang "The Lamp in the West," by Horatio Parker.

Hon. FRITZ G. LANHAM, a Representative from the State of Texas, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. FRITZ G. LANHAM

Mr. Speaker, out of the past and into the future come and go the children of men. In their brief sojourn on earth they learn of that past through history, of that future through revelation. Only in that present of their three score years and ten may they exemplify actively to their fellow men their bountiful heritage from the past, their blissful hope for the future.

Today we pause to meditate upon the lives of friends and colleagues who have completed but recently that interim between two great eternities. The records of service they have left, the confidence in their ability and integrity their associations here have established, the affectionate regard their

worth as true Americans has invited and received now warm our hearts and will endear them to us forever. The memory of their loyalty to our institutions and our ideals will remain as an inspiration and a benediction.

With narrowed vision we are prone to regard such an occasion as this as one of sorrow and gloom. It is not so. The work of these colleagues is not finished; their course has not been run. No man lives here to see the perfection of his work; that is what eternity is for. It is not for us to write finis to their helpful accomplishment. It is for us, rather, to remember and appreciate their faithful service and to cherish the confident hope that even the cordial relations we have enjoyed with them are in recess, not in adjournment.

To this encouraging and uplifting contemplation I would direct our thought, that to us and to those assembled loved ones who suffer most the pangs of temporary parting may come the solace of an assuring comfort that must be real.

Long before revelation came to teach the doctrine of the resurrection, peoples of all races desired and believed in the continuity of life. Orientals cherished the firm conviction of the transmigration of souls. The ancient Greeks dreamed of a blissful Elysium, the Indians of the happy hunting grounds. In the tombs of antiquity, food and raiment and the adornments and implements of happy and useful living were interred with the departed. To this belief in immortality the redskin sacrificed the steed of the fallen warrior, and the Arab the camel. Reason seemed the herald of revelation. The heavens had declared the glory of One Omnipotent, the firmament had shown His handiwork, and from the beginning could creep in no skepticism of that Supreme Existence that decreed the orderly courses of worlds and the orderly processes of nature.

And reason taught another thing to stimulate that innate hope. In goodness, and in goodness only, is there true supremacy. In evil there is depravity. Even to the ancients it seemed unthinkable that man, the highest order of divine creation, in attributes akin in miniature to the Almighty,

could have been fashioned as an amusing pastime. It was rational to assume that he came as an expression of love and care and providence, with a purpose in his making, attesting the goodness of that One Supreme who would satisfy the craving of his soul to live and not to die. Even the low order of the vegetable kingdom, with its contributions of beauty and sustenance, taught the doctrine of its continuing existence. To the grain of wheat came death before it emerged into more luxuriant life. The heat of the sun, stored for thousands of years in the bosom of the earth, came back in coal to spread that warmth anew. All Nature died and lived again. Was man destined for a humbler heritage? Was there for him no glorious resurrection? Reason rebelled at the contemplation of such flippant mockery.

Through the ages, learning ever and more forcefully the dependence upon a beneficent Providence, there came to man the startling discovery that, despite his powers, he himself could create nothing. What has man created? Let us suppose, for example, that he created this magnificent and artistic edifice in which we assemble; but he did not. Every item of material for its construction was furnished him in advance. He did no more than change its position and its form. And its art is but an imitation, exemplified and surpassed in countless natural wonders since the world began. The One Supreme is the materialman and the artist in this and every other structure, however poorly we may copy the pattern of the Infinite.

Has man created a mighty power plant at Niagara Falls or at Muscle Shoals? Oh, no. He has but harnessed a part of the power placed there by the Almighty and diverted to his temporal needs its natural force. In the roaring cataract may be found both the motive and the means of the human accomplishment.

But what of the outstanding achievements of physicists and chemists in their laboratories of research? Research—the very word connotes the lack of man's creative genius.

At the root of every flower is a chemical laboratory so perfect that man cannot approximate it. In his every effort he relies, perforce, upon things already made and upon natural laws already enacted. There is no field in which some brave Columbus can discover an America which is not already there.

And man has observed another thing—what has been created he cannot destroy. He may resolve matter into its constituent elements, but the elements remain to perform the functions of their creation. Again he can but change the form and position of the things he uses. Against the works of the Almighty the iconoclast labors in vain.

Was man, then, made to be destroyed? Was it for this inglorious end Omnipotence designed the highest order of creation? Is the thought compatible with the purpose of One Supreme in goodness and in wisdom? Reason replied to those queries. It was a matter of common observation that the things of earth do not attain their full usefulness until they have reached a certain maturity. Fruit is eaten when ripe. It is when the sapling becomes a tree that its timbers make a dwelling and a thousand articles of domestic and social progress. And so, the ages have asked, is man to come to the development of his manifold powers, to cultivate the mind and spirit to the greatest possibility of service, only to be cast aside as useless rubbish? Is the image of God the one thing God Himself would destroy?

So it is not strange or surprising that early peoples found in the light of reason a firm basis for their belief that this innate longing for life was predicated upon a logical hope which would ripen into the fulfillment of their most cherished wish. It would have staggered their credulity had one predicted with confidence the telephone, the radio, the airplane, the X-ray, but their abiding faith in this inspiring doctrine of immortality could not be shattered or repressed. Even to their worthy fellow men who had departed to that unknown realm they accorded such enduring earthly remembrance as their restricted powers permitted. Sleeping or

waking, they still dreamed of them as living and laboring at their customary tasks. Their tombs were kept with scrupulous care, their memories honored, their wisdom preserved, that such a one as Socrates might live on to teach that everything implies its opposite—that the foul implies the fair, the cold implies the heat, the darkness implies the light, to sleep implies to awaken, to die implies to live again—that in fond recollection they might continue to hear him say, "Wherefore, O Judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death."

It is our good fortune to live in a time when reason has been confirmed and reinforced by revelation. In its light the vague and hazy notions of the past become the clear and well-defined knowledge of the present. It has given a new and imperishable foundation for the truth which the groping reason of man had always sought. It has illumined this earthly existence with a new radiance. It has added inspiration to the effort to build and develop our minds and hearts and characters for life unending. It has manifested a purpose in our making which keeps us pressing onward toward the goal of our perfection. Work has a new meaning, worth a new significance. We are citizens of eternity, unfettered by the limitations of time.

Our departed colleagues have left examples we may emulate. They labored in the light of this enduring assurance. The memory of their worth and work accentuates the promise and the hope which lead us to the heights of our best selves.

When the Pilgrim Fathers embarked to find a home in this new land they took in the bow of their boat the bulbs and seeds and shrubs and plants which after the long voyage would be useful in the home of their quest. In the voyage on life's great sea we, too, like the loved ones who have left us, may take with us those fruits of mind and heart and spirit which will be of service over there.

And so, in the firm conviction of this faith, and in keeping with reason and with revelation, to each of these, our beloved comrades, we may join with family and friends in saying:

Good-bye, good friend;
In God's good time,
In God's good clime,
We'll meet again.
And in that land
Where we shall know
No pain or woe,
We'll understand.

A cornet solo, "Nearer My God to Thee," was played by Ralph K. Ostrom, master sergeant, United States Army Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
in the
House of Representatives

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Driver

Of Arkansas

Mr. DRIVER. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Hon. JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON on July 14, 1937, the Nation lost a profound statesman. A more distinguished service was never rendered in the legislative field than was conferred by this great man. His life was dedicated to the public service, and the influence of his devoted years extends to the remotest area.

Running parallel with so many of the shining lights of American history, he was born on a farm in the State of Arkansas on the 26th day of August, 1872, and received his early educational training in the little country school of the period. His parents were of pioneer stock, remotely located, with but little worldly possessions, but endowed with the capacity to train their progeny and to instill in them ambition and the necessary character on which to found an honorable and successful career in the affairs of life. No finer demonstration is offered of the value of the type of discipline of that age than is manifested in the career of my friend. With the meager but thorough course of instruction received in the little country school, characteristic of such institutions, and with that aspiration so thoroughly instilled by the parental influences, he entered the university of his home State and toiled at menial tasks to complete his education. He was admitted to the bar and immediately entered upon the active practice as a member of the firm of Trimble & Robinson in Lonoke, the courtseat of his native county.

It is worthy of a pause here to mention that one of the last acts of Senator ROBINSON was the recommendation of a

son of his pioneer law partner for appointment to the position of United States district judge for the eastern district of Arkansas, and who is now capably serving in such capacity.

Within a few months of the admission of Senator ROBINSON, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the General Assembly of Arkansas, and although a very young man, he demonstrated a capacity for service and aggressiveness in the public interest, which appealed to its citizens, resulting in his selection as a Presidential elector in 1900, followed by his election to the House of Representatives in the Fifty-eighth Congress, where he served continuously for 10 years, gaining notable recognition and thoroughly well prepared him for his subsequent service in the United States Senate, which he entered upon on March 10, 1913, and continued uninterruptedly to his untimely death.

I pause again to mention an unusual event in the life of this great representative of a people. In the last year of his term as a Member of the House, he was elected Governor of Arkansas and inducted into office on the 16th day of January 1913. United States Senator Jeff Davis died as Governor ROBINSON entered upon his duties as such Governor, and the general assembly of the State, then in session, elected him to fill the unexpired term, which launched his career in the United States Senate, and so outstanding was his service therein that he was elected chairman of the minority conference in 1922 and continued in the duties of such office until the change of administration in 1933, when he was elected chairman of the majority conference, and was in such service when the Grim Reaper ended his distinguished career.

I attended the funeral of our beloved citizen, which was held in Little Rock and where his remains were, in state in the capitol building, and were viewed by the thousands of sorrowing citizens whom he had so devotedly served. In attendance upon the funeral service were his colleagues from both sides of the aisle, but there was no division line in the weight of sorrow apparent as between those representing

opposing party principles. His remarkable ability, his sincerity, and his fair dealing impressed all alike, and made of him one of the most popular figures gracing the service in the high legislative body of the Nation.

Joe T. Robinson was an unusual man in that he could hold the respect and esteem of his adversary, notwithstanding the fact that he brought to his work a grim determination and an unfaltering purpose. Through the force of his strong personality he managed to achieve that which seemed impossible to the man of ordinary strength. His rugged honesty and integrity of purpose aroused and held the confidence of those with whom he worked, and no man rendered a greater measure of service than he was called upon to perform in the capacity of majority leader during the hectic days of the inauguration of the administrative policies beginning in 1933. The break-down in the economic life of the Nation had imperiled the institutions of government, presenting a demand for emergency legislation transcending any and all periods of history. To this task Joe T. Robinson brought his wonderful vitality, experience, and capacity, and through the force of his unusual elements he succeeded to an amazing degree. He labored without cessation, arousing the serious concern of those in a position to know the destructive influences at work, and resisted the continuous appeals of his friends that he seek rest and recreation. He defied the forces of nature until he reached the last hour, and when he fell without warning, his face was to the demands of duty. He died as he would wish, in the midst of the battle, and the Nation lost a statesman of giant stature.

Senator Robinson was blessed with the association of a devoted, cultured, and refined wife. Her every thought was of him, and she exercised herself unceasingly in the effort to contribute in every possible way to his comfort. They were denied the blessing of children, but as is usual in such homes, they loved all children, and some of the sweetest memories I have of my association with this friend and his

most attractive wife are of this display of affection for and interest in the children of others. They seemed to gravitate to this couple, and I do not remember one instance when a child hesitated a moment to respond to the display of interest.

While the Nation mourns the passing of this statesman, the State he served so long and faithfully has offered an expression of sorrow such as has not characterized the citizenship in its life. No doubt exists in the minds of its inhabitants that it suffers the loss of a great benefactor and its most worthy servant. I lose a friend and companion of many years.

Like a shadow thrown softly and sweetly
From a passing cloud, death fell upon him
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
  This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
  Whose portal we call death.

Remarks by Representative Terry

Of Arkansas

Mr. TERRY. Mr. Speaker, at about 8:15 o'clock on the morning of July 14, 1937, I was passing through the Capitol on the way to my office in the House Office Building. My colleague from North Carolina [Mr. Lindsay Warren] accosted me and said, "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked.

"I have just heard that your senior Senator, JOE ROBINSON, was found dead in his apartment this morning," he replied.

I was terribly shocked and immediately endeavored to reach the Senator's apartment by telephone to obtain fuller information. The telephone operator at the switchboard answered: "The line is busy, but it is true that Senator ROBINSON is dead." I immediately walked over to the Methodist Building and went to the Senator's apartment, where I found a number of his staff and several of my colleagues. It was only too true that the Senator had gone.

As I stood there in the solemn stillness of that hot July morning in the modest apartment, I saw in the hallway the Senator's hat and cane, where he had placed them when he had come home the previous evening, never suspecting that it would be the last time he would lay them down, and that before the dawn of another day his soul would have taken its flight. I thought of the profound shock that the passing of this man would mean not only to his family and his circle of friends and colleagues but to the whole Nation; how it meant the knell of any hope of the successful outcome of the bitter struggle in which he was then engaged in behalf of President Roosevelt's Court-reform legislation; the probable realinement of contending forces in the Senate,

and the possible weakening of the New Deal's drive toward legislation for the benefit of the masses of our people.

"A soldier has fallen with his face to the battle," was President Roosevelt's tribute. And no truer words were ever spoken, for in truth and in fact, Senator ROBINSON did give the last full measure of sacrificial devotion to the cause which he considered it his duty to espouse; and when his great heart burst under the strain of his almost superhuman labors, he fell like a knight in battle, his armor shining and his sword bright, without fear and without reproach.

On next to the last day that Senator ROBINSON was to walk this earth, he was engaged in a debate on the floor of the Senate in behalf of the Court bill, giving and taking lusty blows, neither asking nor giving quarter. In his speech, he reminded his adversaries that if they wished to filibuster and delay the passage of the bill, he could "take it" as long as they could. He remarked that he was better able to stand the gaff than some of them were. He grew so vehement that one of his colleagues—Senator Copeland, I believe—cautioned him against overexertion. Even at that moment the long fingers of the hand of death were reaching out toward our friend, and I sometimes wonder whether or not the Senator felt the chill of that unseen hand, for he did a very unusual thing. In closing the debate he waved his hand in a farewell gesture and said "Good-bye." It was good-bye, and a long, last farewell. That was his final appearance in the debate, and the last time his voice was to be heard in the Chamber which he had so long graced, and in which the great labors of his life had been performed.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that Senator ROBINSON had the entire confidence and respect of all those with whom he was closely associated. He had that rare and happy faculty of retaining the good will and friendship of those with whom he differed, even though their views were as wide apart as the poles. He was entirely honest with himself and with others. There was nothing mean or small about

him. He was mighty as an adversary and a tower of strength as a friend.

As the majority leader of the Senate in one of the most perplexing and difficult periods in the history of our country, Senator ROBINSON was responsible for the legislation that was intended to cure our national ills, economic and social, and to him is largely due the credit for the smooth functioning of the legislative processes involved in putting in the statutes most of the New Deal policies. Members of all parties and factions in the Senate looked up to and respected him. His word was his bond. With him there was no necessity for agreements in writing. In his various election campaigns throughout a long career of public service his opponents never had the temerity to attack his character. His rugged integrity was like granite. Even the muckraking magazine articles never questioned his inherent honesty.

One of the secrets of Senator ROBINSON's success as a great leader of men was, I think, the high quality of enthusiasm, vigor, ardor, or whatever one may call it, with which the Senator approached all his objectives, either in the forum or in the field. Whatever he did, he did vigorously and earnestly. There were no half measures with him. What he did, he did with a will. I thought it entirely appropriate and fitting that the minister, in closing the funeral services at the Senator's home town, Little Rock, quoted from Stevenson's Requiem:

> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.

Everything the Senator ever did he did with a will. And that will, and that rugged character and brilliant intellect, carried JOE ROBINSON far. Born in a little hamlet in Lonoke County, Ark., in 1872, he was the youngest of the 10 children of Dr. James and Matilda Jane Robinson. His road to an education was not a royal one. He worked his way through the University of Arkansas and later attended the University of Virginia. He studied law in the office of Judge Tom C. Trimble at Lonoke and was admitted to practice in 1895.

In 1896, when he was 24 years old, he married Miss Edwilda Miller, a member of a prominent Arkansas family, and then began that beautiful companionship which lasted through 41 years of a busy and eventful life, to be ended only by his death. Throughout all those years Mrs. Robinson was his constant companion. Where he went, she went, and his joys and sorrows, tribulations and triumphs, were shared in by her. She drove him on all their numerous automobile trips between Washington and Arkansas, and she was his constant companion in all his campaigns and in his journeys both in this country and abroad. Wherever an unusual man is found, generally one finds behind him an unusual woman, and the Robinsons were no exception to this rule.

His public service began when he was 22, when he was elected to the General Assembly of Arkansas as a representative from Lonoke County. Later he was elected to the United States House of Representatives, where he served 10 years, resigning from the House in 1913 to become Governor of Arkansas, and then going to the United States Senate in the same year, where he remained until his death last summer. Three times he was called to serve as the chairman of the national Democratic convention, and in 1928 was a standard bearer of that party as nominee for Vice President. He also served as one of the United States delegates to the London Disarmament Conference, where he was one of the outstanding personages in that brilliant assembly of world figures. Truly, a busy and an honored life!

Beginning as a young lawyer in a small town, JOE ROBINSON, by hard and assiduous toil, rapidly spread his reputation as a powerful pleader in the courts of his State and neighboring States. And throughout his long and eventful public career he maintained his interest in the law and in the courts. It was an open secret that the goal of his life's ambition was to climax his career as a member of our highest tribunal, the United States Supreme Court. And the realization of

that ambition was within his grasp when he received the summons to a tribunal higher than the ones of this earth.

I happened to be in the Senate cloak room last summer the day after Justice Van Devanter announced his retirement from the Supreme Court. I had gone there to discuss with Senator ROBINSON some legislation in which we were both interested. When I located the Senator and approached him, I saw that he was surrounded by a large crowd of his colleagues, Senators from both sides of the aisle, and from all factions. They were engaged in a spontaneous, hearty, and friendly "reception" for the "new justice," as they affectionately termed him; and it was freely stated that when his name should be sent in by the President to fill the vacancy, it would be confirmed immediately on the floor, without being referred to the Judiciary Committee, as is customary in such cases. I thought it was a rare tribute, and one that was richly deserved. But fate decreed otherwise, and it was Senator ROBINSON'S destiny to finish his earthly career as a member of that great legislative body, and to take his secure place in the Nation's history along with its other great leaders who had gone before him.

Last summer, on that hot Sunday afternoon in July, when we buried Senator ROBINSON in Little Rock, in Pulaski County, and he was gently lowered into the soil of his native State, the orbit of his life came within 24 miles of completing the circle at the place where it had begun nearly 65 years before at Lonoke, in an adjoining county. Starting as an unknown boy in a small rural community, by virtue of the urge that was within him, he had pushed his way outward and upward until he became favorably known, first locally and in his own State, then nationally, and finally, internationally—for truly JOE ROBINSON was a world figure at the time of his death. He had wielded a large influence on the affairs of his time, and had walked with kings and the great of the earth, and yet had retained the simplicity

of his democratic background. He had been to the far corners of the earth, and had come back home to be laid to rest among his own people.

By electing him as its United States Representative, Governor, and Senator of the United States, the State of Arkansas greatly honored JOE T. ROBINSON. And in turn, JOE T. ROBINSON greatly honored the State of Arkansas.

Peace to his ashes.

Remarks by Representative Kitchens

Of Arkansas

Mr. KITCHENS. Mr. Speaker, the voice and activities of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, of Arkansas, have been stilled, but the effect and results of his efforts remain with us yet. His work is finished, and his record complete, but his name and fame will linger and be cherished for ages to come.

It was my good fortune to know the Senator fairly intimately for a quarter of a century. Like other great leaders from my State, he sprang from the soil. Near where I stand, and just below us in the Hall, is the statue of another Arkansan, Hon. James P. Clarke, who for a long time was President pro tempore and leader of the Senate. Only a few feet from here is the place in this Capitol where Hon. Augustus H. Garland, another great Arkansan, suddenly fell and passed away while arguing a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. He was Attorney General of the Nation under President Cleveland. It was within a short distance of the Capitol, and within range of the human voice, where the one about whom I now speak likewise unexpectedly passed away.

Senator ROBINSON was born and reared in the little city of Lonoke, 24 miles east of Little Rock, Ark., near the center of my State. It was at a place where the plains and prairies meet the hills, woodlands, and the mountains, the people meet, commingle, and know each other on a common plane, where game was plentiful, clear streams alive with bream, bass, and jackfish, and the field larks, doves, bobwhite, robins, and mockingbirds sang and played in the fields. There it was he grew to be strong, sturdy, self-reliant, and acquired a vision for great public service to his people, State, and Nation.

Upon reaching his majority, he was elected a member of the general assembly of the State. Then he was elected a delegate to the Democratic national convention, and at the age of 30, in 1902, was elected a Member of Congress. Here in this House for 10 years the tread of his foot and the sound of his voice were heard. The records bear testimony of his active participation in all proceedings of consequence. On January 16, 1913, he was inaugurated Governor of Arkansas, and, within 2 weeks thereafter, was elected by the legislature a Member of the Senate, and took his seat at the other end of the Capitol March 10, 1913. The Senator was selected as one of the delegates and attended a naval conference in London. The result of that conference was the London Naval Treaty of 1930. He was also in 1928 nominated by his party and made the race for Vice President of the United States. At the time of his death, he had just entered upon his fifth term in the Senate. For more than a third of a century, during some of the most trying times of the Nation's history, he spent the best years of his life within these walls working for and serving his people and the country to the best of his ability.

On the early morn of the day prior to his passing, I met him in the park just to the east of here between the Capitol and the Supreme Court Building. He was on his way, at that early hour, to his office, and appeared to be in thoughtful meditation as he walked along. After mutual greetings and a short conversation, the Senator proceeded slowly toward the Capitol, and this was the last time I saw him in life. Early the next morning the radio announced his sudden death. The people of our State as well as of the Nation were greatly shocked, and a pall settled over Washington. A great leader with great prestige and influence was suddenly removed from our midst, leaving many of us with a feeling of helplessness and greatly increased responsibilities.

Mr. Speaker, Senator ROBINSON was a great orator but did not essay to employ this accomplishment to obtain results.

He sought facts, analyzed and applied facts, deduced principles, and upon these anchored his efforts, conclusion, and judgment. He was possessed of great common sense, a fine intelligence, affable manner, and a keen sense of honor, ethics, and responsibility. He had the personality and ability of a born leader, and was vigorous, honest, courageous, patriotic, and high-minded in everything that engaged his attention. He built a monument of love and affection in the hearts of his countrymen, marking a career of great, distinguished, and outstanding service. In him was placed the confidence of the people and of his associates because of the high standard of ethics and public service that always actuated him. Reliance could be had upon the soundness of his judgment and decision upon any matter affecting the public or general welfare. He was not given to compromise of his convictions upon any public question but was considerate always of the opinions of others.

The Senator did not seek the material things of life for himself. He accumulated little of the goods we call worldly, although his ability, talents, and prestige, if applied in that direction, without doubt, would have brought him great financial reward.

I was profoundly impressed and shall never forget the tribute to him paid while his body lay in state in the Senate. There came the President and Vice President to pay their respects to the memory and the mortal remains of the Senator. Likewise, came members of the Cabinet, diplomatic corps of other nations, Supreme Court, the colleagues of the Senator, the House of Representatives in a body, and many other high officials of the Government.

The galleries of the Senate were filled to overflowing with other friends. The funeral train bearing his body carried more than 80 of his colleagues and Members of the House to Little Rock to attend the obsequies, and thereby further showed the very high esteem and regard in which the Sen-

ator was held. Many thousands of his friends from all parts of our State came to view his body in the State capitol, to attend the last sad rites at the church and the grave.

As his body was slowly lowered into the tomb and consigned forever to mother earth, as dust to dust, we had the consolation to know his spirit, the memory and example of his life live on and that "dust thou art to dust returneth was not spoken of the soul."

There was exemplified in the life of Senator ROBINSON the admonition contained in that beautiful verse of Thanatopsis:

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Remarks by Representative McClellan

Of Arkansas

Mr. McCLELLAN. Mr. Speaker, I am fully cognizant of the pressure of important business awaiting disposition ere this session of Congress shall adjourn, and I do not want to unduly take any time necessary to be consumed by legislative matters and the affairs of this Nation that yet await congressional attention; but, Mr. Speaker, lest we forget, no matter how impelling and demanding the material affairs of life may become, it is well for us to pause and acknowledge the omnipotence of Him who created and guides the destinies of the universe. Since the convening of the Seventy-fifth Congress, significant happenings have occurred, events of great magnitude and importance have transpired. Battles have been won and lost. Progress in one direction may have been accelerated and continued, while in another it may have been retarded and restrained. History has been made. The pages have been written. We cannot now read and interpret all that is written there. Time will reveal the wisdom or folly of some of our actions and possibly disclose our derelictions in failing to meet some of the responsibilities that were ours, but there have been some momentous events, some sad and others joyous, that we can very well appraise correctly without awaiting the revelations of time.

I am thinking at this moment of that sad hour when the Grim Reaper visited this Capitol and summoned to the Eternal Beyond the most illustrious son of my native State, one who sat second only to the President of the United States in the councils of the mighty, and whose influence has been felt throughout the world. Mr. Speaker, I reverently refer to my deceased friend, the late Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON,

for many years senior Senator from the State of Arkansas and majority leader in the United States Senate, where he directed with certain and unfailing wisdom and strategy the enactment of laws in keeping with the program of the Democratic Party and of the American people, for the promotion of the common welfare and for the security of the greatest democracy that has ever blossomed on the face of the earth.

It is said sometimes that "first thoughts are best." When the sad news of the passing of this great man reached me, as soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the great shock that rocked the very foundations of my soul, I wrote these few lines, which I now incorporate here:

Senator ROBINSON'S passing removes from the scene of action an illustrious statesman and one of the ablest leaders America has ever produced. Throughout his long, uninterrupted, brilliant career of public service he courageously met every responsibility of trust reposed in him and discharged all duties that it became his obligation to perform. His loyalty has seldom been equaled and never surpassed. Until the very end he unfalteringly and valiantly carried the heavy and burdensome load his position in the Democratic Party, in national and international affairs required and demanded.

I am deeply grieved. My friend is gone. He gave his all, and the Nation mourns while a martyr sleeps.

I have had the honor, my colleagues, of representing here in this House the congressional district in which Senator ROBINSON was born and which, many years ago, honored him by electing him a Member of this body. His great and matchless career of public service has ever been a beckoning inspiration to me as I have undertaken to perform my duties in public office. I have often been the beneficiary of his counsel, and I shall ever rejoice to know that he was my friend and one to whom I could go for advice and information upon which I could rely as being sincere and of great value in aiding me to find the proper course and solution of perplexing problems as they arose.

Mr. Speaker, and my colleagues, when that irresistible summons came to him and he was removed from our ranks, America suffered her greatest casualty of the Seventy-fifth Congress and lost from her staff of generals in the councils of statesmanship the best soldier of them all, and I only hope that when that hour comes for me, I, too, will be found, as was he, with my face toward the battlefront, fighting for a cause in the interest of my fellow man and one that I know to be just in the sight of "our Father, who art in heaven."

Remarks by Representative Fuller

Of Arkansas

Mr. FULLER. Mr. Speaker, in the death of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Arkansas and the Nation lost one of its greatest statesmen. He rose from the humble walks of life to a position of honor, reputation, and authority in the world, with over 35 years of continuous service to his credit as Congressman, Governor, and United States Senator. The youngest of a family of 10 children, he climbed the steep ladder of success, round by round, until he reached the top; and while able to walk with kings, he never lost the common touch. Bestowed with power and honor, he never forgot those who made his life a success.

Three times he was honored as chairman of Democratic national conventions and was the Democratic nominee for Vice President in 1928. He was confidential adviser, Senate leader, and personal friend of that immortal leader and statesman, Woodrow Wilson. Because of his statesmanship, integrity, and wonderful judgment on governmental matters, he was almost daily called into conference with Presidents Coolidge and Hoover.

His star is fixed in the Nation's history, like the Star of Bethlehem, lighting the steps of mankind to a truer, better, and more patriotic life. His entire life is an example to be emulated by the youth of the Nation. Those who knew him personally, as well as by reputation, recognized him as a man whose integrity was not impugned by those not in accord with his views; whose life has stood the acid test and stands without blot or blemish; a private citizen without wrong and a public official without vices.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

He was influenced by no impure motives, no personal aggrandizement, and had a sole and single aim, a warm and devoted heart, devoted and dedicated to the best interest of his beloved country.

For 30 years he was my intimate, loyal friend. Although always overworked, he could always find time to confer regarding myself or any proposition in which the people of Arkansas were interested. He was one of the hardest workers I ever knew. He mastered every subject, and it was always a mystery to his friends as to how he could become so familiar with various measures.

Many have often referred to him as a natural-born leader; but experience teaches, while a man might be endowed with the many faculties of leadership, success is only obtained through effort, research, study, and a proper life, Senator ROBINSON'S matchless leadership in the Senate, which was longer than that of any other in the same position, was due to his ability, extensive experience in governmental affairs, his recognized honesty, and the fact his associates realized that they could count upon him for his unprejudiced and sound judgment in all matters concerning the Nation. It was this leadership, even when his party was in the minority, that attracted the admiration of those of different political faith who sought his advice and assistance.

The high regard in which he was held by his colleagues was demonstrated by the fact he was unanimously acclaimed as the choice of the membership of the Senate for membership on the Supreme Court. There is scarcely a doubt, had he lived, that he would have been appointed to this high position. His death was due to hard work and overexertion in the interest of his country. President Roosevelt paid a fitting tribute to Senator ROBINSON when he said:

A soldier has fallen with his face to the battle.

Remarks by Representative Sabath

Of Illinois

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, the Nation lost a great man in the death of Senator JOE ROBINSON. The untimely and unexpected passing of Mr. ROBINSON smote heavily with sorrow the hearts of his colleagues and a myriad of his friends. His passing brings to me the poignant grief of personal bereavement, because he was one of the first Members of the House I met at the beginning of my first term, on March 4, 1907, in the Sixtieth Congress. Mr. ROBINSON had come here as a Member of the Fifty-eighth Congress, and it so happened that we had adjoining rooms in the Congress Hall Hotel, which occupied part of the site of the New House Office Building.

As most of you gentlemen know—and the remainder of you readily can imagine—the tempo of American life in 1907 was not so rapid as at present, although we did that year experience a minor panic; therefore, I, as a tyro, was privileged to associate leisurely and with pleasure and profit with this interesting personage who was later and for many years to be such a towering figure and play such a mighty role in the affairs of the Nation; and when his intrepid soul took flight the Congress of the United States lost one of its most militant and masterful Members.

When I came here I had an exaggerated opinion of the importance of my own section and many in public life therein; but an intimate contact with this mental titan, who had entered political life in 1894, soon taught me that sectionalism does not determine the usefulness and promotion of Members of the Congress. Many of us come here with the idea that we are representatives of our own districts only, but our departed friend soon taught me by precept and

example that we are, after all, representatives of all the people of the United States. The welfare of all America was the late Senator's consuming passion. Never did I approach him with a public problem without getting valuable help. He was in no sense selfish or narrow.

Our departed friend was not born to a life of ease. His father was a country doctor of the old school, and the Senator was the youngest of 10 children. For years he went to school in the Arkansas way of the day—3½ months of school and 8½ months at home on the farm. At the age of 16, as we are told, he attracted local attention in debating, which was in that day an entree to the Arkansas General Assembly. But further schooling, necessarily, came first. He attended the University of Arkansas, supporting himself by teaching half the time and working hard and long. Then it was that a kindly old lawyer, Mr. Trimble, took young ROBINSON in as a law clerk. In those days "law clerk" meant everything, including sweeping the office, running errands, studying Blackstone; and he spent one summer session at the University of Virginia. Reasonably soon thereafter, in 1894, Mr. ROBINSON was elected to the General Assembly of his State, and, following successful service there, he came to this House at the beginning of the fifty-eighth session. On January 16, 1913, he was inaugurated Governor of Arkansas, and on January 28, 1913, following the death of Senator Davis, he was elected United States Senator, taking his seat on March 10, 1913. Thus is he another outstanding example of how unfavorable environment may not subjugate one with the stature of character of sufficient magnitude to single him out from the masses.

Few men, if any, have occupied a more commanding position in the Congress, and nobody who ever served in the Congress has left a deeper or more lasting impression upon the legislation of his day and generation.

His untiring industry and intellectual versatility were the marvel of his colleagues. No avenue of information was

closed to him. He had explored all the highways and byways of legislative knowledge; and the confusing labyrinth of parliamentary procedure was a plain and simple path for him. His powers of analysis were equaled by few and excelled by none. Fearlessly he turned the light of constructive criticism on every legislative measure, no matter whether its author be friend or foe. His one and only purpose was to promote safe and sane legislation and to prevent the enactment of illy considered and loosely drawn laws. He was a statesman in the broadest and truest meaning of the term. There was nothing artificial or superficial about him. He rang true at all times and under all circumstances. He was free of all affectation, sincere and genuine throughout. He cared nought for public applause, but followed always the path of duty outlined by a conscience that was ever responsive to the noblest and most patriotic impulses of true manhood.

A great and good man has passed from the activities of life to the great beyond. He has left behind him a record of splendid service and an influence that is far-reaching for good. We sincerely mourn and regret his passing, but we know that whatever lies beyond the veil for such a heart and soul all will be well.

Faithful and chivalrous servant of the Republic, hail and farewell!

Remarks by Representative Snell

Of New York

Mr. SNELL. Mr. Speaker, centuries ago a pagan philosopher used this illustration of what we call death:

> As in many groups they were busied in diverse occupations, some in games and others in work, the master opened the door and with a smile beckoned to the leader of the busiest group, who, laying down his tools, went within and the door was shut behind him. His comrades waited for him and, finding that he came not, realized that that was death.

And we have seen it occur in our midst that the Master came into the busiest group and beckoned the leader of the group into the open door. He followed and the door was shut.

It was my privilege to have known JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, the late distinguished leader of the majority in the Senate. He left the House to go to the Senate about the time I entered the House. Already he had achieved fame in public life. And upon his election to the Senate there had been bestowed upon him every high honor in the gift of his native State of Arkansas, as Representative for 10 years in this body where his ability was soon recognized, as Governor of Arkansas, and as United States Senator. In the latter office he served both as minority and majority leader, responsible positions in which he labored with marked ability and distinction. In my official relationship in the House I was thrown constantly in the company of Senator ROBINSON, and I always found him to be a courteous, agreeable gentleman and fair to political foe and friend alike. And notwithstanding the difference in our political philosophies we were on intimate and pleasant personal terms. On fundamentals of government we were

not far apart, if at all. We both believed in party government, that this Republic had advanced to greatness under the two-party system, one to check the other.

JOE ROBINSON was loyal to his party; ready to make any personal sacrifice for it. If he had not been loyal to his party he never would have taken upon himself the arduous, and I might say, onerous duties as leader of his party in a time of great economic stress and strain, when such leadership involved criticism of acts for which he was not primarily responsible.

In my judgment Senator JOE ROBINSON was a vicarious sacrifice to that which he conceived to be his duty. In the discharge of that duty he was motivated by his big heart, whereas his trained and educated mind did not always synchronize with his heart. Yet he was consistently and always a Democrat, as much of a stalwart Democrat, wedded to its principles and tenets as when he served in the House, as much as I am a stalwart Republican, wedded to the fundamental principles of my party.

Arkansas has produced some great men, but none greater than JOE ROBINSON. His name as a man of noble character, as an eminent lawyer, as a finished orator, and as a legislator, leader, and statesman will be written high in the annals of his State whose people he served so well and faithfully, and in the annals of the Congress of the United States where he left the indelible impression of his lofty devotion to duty.

A great and good man fell when JOE ROBINSON was called suddenly from our midst.

Remarks by Representative Carter

Of California

Mr. CARTER. Mr. Speaker, there is no virtue in the human character which so commands our admiration as courage. The mother who braves the valley of death to make possible the birth of her child; the soldier who scorns death to guard his nation's flag against the enemy; the statesman who stands firm for the principles and causes he has espoused, despite the cost to personal fortune—these have been honored a thousand times, and we honor them no less today.

I can think of no finer tribute for the great Senate leader, JOSEPH T. ROBINSON than to say that above all else he was courageous to a noble degree. In my 14 years as a Member of Congress I have observed many of the sometimes furious parliamentary battles which are a true sign of a living democracy, I saw Senator ROBINSON in the thick of the fray. Like a true soldier he fought with all the spirit which only a man with a great soul and profound sincerity can summon. But always he fought with a consideration for his opponent's rights and an understanding of his point of view.

There is a great lesson to be taken from the career of JOE ROBINSON who came from a humble beginning to take his place as a powerful leader in a powerful Nation. He did not assume that place by circumstance of noble birth. Nor did his elevation come from following the course of opportunism. Time after time his standard would be found flying among the losers. But always it was still flying.

In a short span of years we have seen the ideal of human liberty become less and less respected. What once was a nation's first treasure, secured with the blood and

sacrifice of centuries of devotees, now becomes a cheap bauble, to be mocked at and trampled under the feet of ruthless demagogs. Democracy, the guardian of human liberty, is now shackled and despised in nearly every country in Europe.

So long as America has men of the ROBINSON kind—whatever their political complexions—we are safe from the base and yet beguiling philosophies which have seduced so many millions of people into yielding their destiny into the hands of self-seeking dictators. So long as we have men with hearts and souls, and with the courage to fight for the right, we need not fear for the guaranties handed down to us in the Bill of Rights.

JOE ROBINSON was made of the stuff that is America. May we always have men like him to keep America as Americans want it.

Remarks by Representative Plumley

Of Vermont

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, the earthly career of your friend and mine, the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, is ended. What a tragedy! Everybody loves a double-fisted, fearless fighter, such as was he, whether they agree with him or not.

One need not have agreed with him, nor the cause for which he stood and died fighting, to appreciate the fact that his life and his death demonstrate that the heroic examples of other days stand not alone and were not in vain.

One is the more appalled at the passing of our friend by reason of its suddenness and the inexorable lesson to be learned that while man in his finity proposes, the disposition rests in the infinity of God.

The death of JOSEPH T. ROBINSON brings home to us the fact often lost sight of in this too materialistic age that even today men walk up deliberately and composedly and courageously to do their duty; to undertake and to enter into the most perilous enterprises, with their lives the stake, beckoned onward by the shades of those brave men who were but impelled by their own conscientious sense of a duty to be performed and of an obligation to be discharged.

As of the knights of old, so of our friend, may it be said that his banner was borne high, and on it in his blood were written the words "semper fidelis"; a chivalrous knight was he, fired with consummate courage and empowered by flashing and sustaining valor.

Loyal to a leader, faithful to a cause to be espoused, true to his duty as he saw it; candor and a proper appreciation of this man's real worth and of the loss we all sustain lead

us willingly to pay our tribute of affection and respect to his memory, and compel us to endeavor to emulate those qualities of American manhood he so fully and completely exemplified.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *April 20, 1938.*

The Vice President presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D., offered the following prayer:

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Let us pray.

O Eternal God and Heavenly Father, whose mercies cannot be numbered, in whose presence there is the fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there is pleasure for evermore; draw us closer unto Thee and to each other as we pause to pay reverent tribute to the memory of our brother beloved whom we have loved long since and lost a while, whose conspicuous devotion to his country crowned his gifts of leadership, and whose loyalty to friends was as the armor of a knight dedicated to a divine adventure.

Help us, therefore, we beseech Thee, to learn to understand wisdom secretly, for Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and grant us the spirit of humility, without which faith becomes presumption, hope delusion, and love weakness, that we may find it the source of deathless courage as it calls the soul to the Christ, where it may learn its deepest wisdom from the open book of His meek and lowly heart. We ask it in His name and for His sake. Amen.

For all emotions that are tense and strong,
  And utmost knowledge, I have lived for these—
Lived deep, and let the lesser things live long,
  The everlasting hills, the lakes, the trees,
Who'd give their thousand years to sing this song
  Of life, and man's high sensibilities,
Which I into the face of death can sing—
O death, thou poor and disappointed thing—

Strike if thou wilt, and soon; strike breast and brow;
For I have lived; and thou canst rob me now
Only of some long life that ne'er has been.
The life that I have lived, so full, so keen,
Is mine! I hold it firm beneath thy blow
And, dying, take it with me where I go.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Senators, the hour of 2 o'clock having arrived, the special order of the Senate becomes effective. The clerk will read the special order.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That on Wednesday, April 20, 1938, at 2 o'clock p. m., the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting memorial addresses to be delivered on the life, character, and public service of the HONORABLE JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

Address by Senator Caraway

Of Arkansas

Mrs. CARAWAY. Mr. President, it is an indication that we have not deviated greatly from customs of our forefathers, when, in a world torn by foreign wars, upset by economic distress, and confronted with labor conditions causing unprecedented unrest, we can still pause to pay tribute to one who has gone far beyond all of us to that haven where no worldly strife can enter.

If "it is after death that we measure men," is it the body of clay from which the spirit has departed or is it the spirit itself that we would seek to measure? Death is no respecter of persons, but is the one great equalizer.

The greatest emperor of all time is no greater, when his spirit has been released from his body, than the lowliest babe in his empire who may have died from starvation. "Dust thou art, to dust returneth," illustrates the fact "that all men are created equal." They live, achieve, and die, again becoming equal. So it must follow that a man is measured by that indomitable something within himself which made him achieve whatever distinction he may have attained.

The late Senator JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, whose portrait has just been unveiled, to hang hereafter in the corridor of the National Capitol, was one of a large family, born to parents not blessed with great worldly goods, but having the spirit of real pioneers, the spirit which is a compound of honesty, courage, and endurance. The facilities for education in those days were not very accessible, but this son managed to fit himself for the practice of law.

His natural ability, combined with a pleasing personality, soon led him into the field of politics. He served with distinction as a Member of the National House of Representa-

tives for many years, became Governor of our State, was speedily promoted to the Senate, where he served continuously until the day of his death, July 14, 1937. As minority leader, the position to which he was called by his colleagues in 1922, he displayed marked ability in handling men and legislation.

When the Democrats came into power in 1932, he was the unanimous choice for the majority leadership. How faithfully he performed that service is indelibly written in the history of this administration. He was unwavering in his allegiance to a democratic form of government and to his party's policies. I am free to say that he carried a burden of responsibility exceeded by none, not even that of the Chief Executive. So when we come to measure this man after death, we measure him by those outstanding qualities of spirit, courage, honesty, clear thinking, loyalty to our country, our State, and our people, and mark him as a man deserving of our respect and affection, worthy of all the honors and eulogies that we, his friends, can bestow.

Mr. E. R. Robinson, of Lonoke, Ark., who is a man of deep feeling, wrote that he designates a character etching of his brother. I shall quote here a part of what he has written:

ETCHING

This etching comes from one who knew him best;
Who toiled beside him, shared his home in youth,
His struggles to attain his aims, his quest
For worthy knowledge, and for vital truth.
His faithful service to his fellowman
His high ideals held until the end,
His discontent against an outworn plan
A brother, comrade, and a constant friend.

In sacred fires of home he found the source
Of inspiration and the vital power
That made him master, steered his tireless course
From striving youth to his last trying hour.
Here he was drilled in deep respect for law,
Through strict compliance to a father's rule;
Around that altar he was filled with awe,
His character found here its shaping school.

A mother's love enshrined him in her heart,
  She sacrificed her life for children's weal;
A mother's love played that heroic part
  Which stamped upon his soul the martyr's seal.
He quaffed through life of that inspiring spring,
  Of books and songs which mirrored the sublime
Stored all the lessons history could bring
  Absorbed the light from every age and clime.

Though all his youth he bore the hardest toil,
  Yet through its grind the visions which he dreamed
Brought flaming star to beam on lowly soil,
  Thus drudgery of labor he redeemed.
Here is the magic wand that made his life
  So great, gave him the power to lead great men,
Undaunted will amid opposing strife
  Magnetic force, keen comprehensive ken.

To those of us who only knew him in his success, this little pen picture of his early life, portraying the forming of his character by associations and environment, gives us a better understanding of his reactions and his power of leadership. He had learned early that when one would govern others, he must, perforce, be able to govern himself. He was honest in his convictions and, therefore, respected the convictions of his colleagues. His was a warrior spirit, but with a sense of justice which disarmed his critics.

While I am speaking here of the late Senator ROBINSON, I should like also to pay tribute to all those Members of both Houses of the Congress who, after faithful and arduous service, have answered the final roll call, and wrapping the drapery of their couch about them have lain down to pleasant dreams.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote:

There is no death.
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

He, our friend, has entered that portal, preceding us by a few years or months or days. May we, when our names are

called, respond "here," and enter into the last and greatest house with our escutcheons as untarnished, our records as clear, as that of this man, the favored of my State, a great leader, Arkansas' late Senator, JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON.

Address by Senator Barkley

Of Kentucky

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, I am sure no one can feel more deeply than I feel at this moment the responsibility which rests upon anyone who seeks briefly to describe his impressions of, his regard for, or his estimate of a man such as the late Senator ROBINSON, of Arkansas.

We all appreciate how inadequate our mother tongue may be in portraying our feelings on such an occasion as this. It has been said that there are many languages that are more descriptive and more capable of intimate and detailed expression than is the English language in portraying the feelings of the heart. I am not fully qualified to confirm or deny that statement; but I realize how inadequate my own language and my own mother tongue is to express the sentiments which actuate my heart at this moment, standing as I do in the place which was so long occupied by my predecessor, sitting in a seat which I may occupy but cannot fill as he filled it during the many years of his leadership in this body.

Senator ROBINSON, during his private and public life, covered a wide field of occupation. We are all familiar with the hardships he underwent in securing the necessary education to prepare him for a life which was to be distinguished in service and in attainment. How many of our illustrious men have started life in the humble schoolroom with a little company of students gathered from the rural settlements, to become a sort of inspiration for their young lives, to be known forever afterward as "professor"? for, however humble the school may have been, in our youthful days we were taught to refer to our teachers as "professor."

Neither time nor propriety permits me to give a list of the illustrious Americans who began their careers in the humble schoolrooms of our Nation; and yet, knowing as I do and as we all do the subsequent life of our departed leader and friend, we may well imagine the admiration and the confidence and the reverence with which many young students in the State of Arkansas looked upon the man who was in later life to become one of the outstanding statesmen not only of his day and generation but of the entire history of America.

Not only was Senator ROBINSON the type of man who would inspire confidence and esteem and affection on the part of the youth of his State and Nation, but as a devotee of the profession which is sometimes referred to as a hard taskmaster—that of the law—he equally distinguished himself. I have often, in thinking of Senator ROBINSON long before he passed away, marveled at his ability to retain his close touch with the legal profession, because if there ever was a man who, in the same sense in which we refer to Webster and Calhoun and Clay, devoted himself to the career of government, or politics, or whatever it may be called, it was Senator ROBINSON. After all, those are interchangeable terms. Whether we refer to it as politics or as government or as law, it all means the same thing; for in the dictionary we are told that politics is the science of government, and that a politician is a man versed in the science of government, which is only another way of saying that a man who is versed in the science of government is versed in the science of law. In the true and broader sense, a man who is versed in the science of the law, in the science of politics, and in the science of government is one and the same, because in the fundamental sense of the words they are interchangeable terms.

Senator ROBINSON was a great lawyer, not only in the practice of his profession in the courts of his own State but in his ability, with all of his arduous duties and his multiplied

obligations, to keep intimately in touch with the trend of legal lore and jurisprudence, not only in Arkansas but throughout the United States. To me that was one of the things that stamped him as an exceptional man—not only lawyer but statesman. Within the circle of my acquaintance during the past quarter of a century, since I have been honored with membership in the House of Representatives and in this great body, I do not think I can recall any man who so completely combined the qualities of the lawyer in the deepest and profoundest sense of the term and at the same time those of statesmanship.

As a legislator, Senator ROBINSON carved for himself a niche in the history of the Nation which has been seldom, if at all, excelled since the formation of our Government. I need not refer to the measures he sponsored in the House of Representatives or in this body. For 10 years he occupied a seat in the coordinate branch of the American Congress; and with a zeal and a fidelity, an enthusiasm and a devotion never excelled, so far as I know, he gave all that he had to the service of his State and to the service of his country. In September 1912 he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and shortly before his inauguration he resigned from the House of Representatives; then, within a few weeks after his inauguration as Governor he was elected to the Senate. So, due to peculiar circumstances, which are very rare in their occurrence, within a very few weeks he had the distinction of having been a Member of the House of Representatives, Governor of his State, and a Member of the United States Senate.

I recall the circumstances under which he was elected to the Senate of the United States. If not the last, he was one of the last Members of the Senate to be elected by the legislature of the State prior to the effective date of the amendment to the Constitution which provided for the popular election of United States Senators instead of their election by the legislature. I recall that he had been elected

for a term as Governor of his State; and when 2 weeks after his inauguration as Governor, he was elected to this body, there was some disappointment in the State of Arkansas because he had given up the governorship, to which he had been elected, to accept membership in the Senate. That disappointment was perfectly natural and easy of understanding, because his record in Arkansas and here in Washington had been of such a character as to give great hope to the people of Arkansas that his term as Governor would usher in a new day for the people of that great State. When the time and the opportunity came for him to be transferred here, I can well understand that there was some disappointment in the minds and hearts of his own people, because he had served for only 2 months as Governor of Arkansas. Yet as we look back upon his career we must recognize the fact that fate played some part in shaping his destiny, for he was destined to become one of the great Senators of the United States, one of the great statesmen of our day, a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of consummate courage, a man who was able to look down what are sometimes oratorically called the dim corridors of time and see in the clearest way and fashion the welfare and destiny of a great nation.

The course he marked out for himself, the pathway he hewed for himself in the forest of legislation here, justified the legislature of his State, and the people of his State as represented in that legislature, even after his brief term as Governor, in transferring him to this great body, where his character, his talents, his long preparation, made him ready for a most distinguished career.

Sometimes in our sober moments we contemplate the value of a man's life. How much is a man worth to the world? If his contribution to society and civilization could be translated into monetary value and measurements, how much would the life of Senator ROBINSON be worth in the coin of

our realm? If he had devoted himself to his own private affairs with the same assiduity, the same industry, the same devotion he displayed toward the public welfare, he might have accumulated a fortune which, as we measure fortunes from a monetary standpoint, would have made him one of the wealthy men of the Nation, for if all the service he rendered to Arkansas, all the service he rendered to America, all the service he rendered to the world in his capacity as an international statesman, viewing the conditions of mankind in all parts of the world, could be translated into money, I have no doubt, Mr. President, that JOSEPH T. ROBINSON would have died one of the wealthiest men in America. There is no way by which we may in monetary terms value the life of any American.

Not long ago I stood in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the city of London. I had just left Westminster Abbey, where I looked upon the wax figures of kings and queens and historians and warriors, and I found it difficult to arouse much enthusiasm in my heart for these wax figures, much as I respected those whom they represented.

As I wandered through the pews and aisles of the great St. Paul's, built by Sir Christopher Wren, after the dome of which the dome of our own National Capital was patterned, I came upon Christopher Wren's tomb, and I read upon its face this inscription:

Here lies the body of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of this cathedral. He lived not for himself alone, but for mankind.

Then, as if speaking to me, it said:

"Stranger, if you seek a monument, look around." "Look around" at no great equestrian statue built in honor of some man who drenched the fields of this earth with human blood. "Look around" at no monument built by the hands of slaves, as the pyramids of Egypt were built. "Look around" at no great mound like that at Waterloo, built by the toil of men and women, who carried the dirt there in baskets upon their

shoulders. But "look around" at a house of God, built in honor of the Deity, which is his monument because he consecrated his life to the edifice in which he lies buried today.

As we contemplate the life of Senator ROBINSON, our friend, our comrade, our leader, I know of no more fitting encomium or epitaph than this: "Stranger, if you seek a monument, look around. Look around at a city in which he lived, a better city because he lived in it. Look around at a State in which he lived, a better State because he lived in it. Look around at a Nation in which he lived, a better Nation because he lived in it. Look around at a better Government, a more responsive Government, a more democratic Government, because for more than a quarter of a century he lived in it and was a part of it, gave of his mind and of his heart and of his experience in order that it might be a better Government and a better Nation. Look around at a better world, because in his relationships here, and his associations and acquaintanceship with the outstanding men and women of all nations, he gave to them such an idealism and impressed upon them such a high conception of public duty that he left his imprint upon the civilization of which he was a part and to which he made a lasting contribution."

In life we admired and loved and respected Senator ROBINSON. In death we honor and revere him. Many years will elapse before his equal shall occupy the place which he honored.

I am glad, Mr. President, with these humble but sincere words, to pay my tribute of respect, admiration, and love to one of the great statesmen of America.

Mr. McNARY. Mme. President——

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mrs. Caraway in the chair). The Senator from Oregon.

Address by Senator McNary

Of Oregon

Mr. McNARY. Mme. President, last July the sudden death of our colleague, JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, shocked the country and stirred the Senate to its depths. I have been here many years, but have never seen surpassed such general and deep-felt consciousness of loss. There are some feelings that time cannot benumb, and the years will serve only to heighten our sense of the worth of this man.

I became acquainted with JOE ROBINSON when I entered the Senate in the summer of 1917 and, seasonably following, we developed a fine and firm friendship which continued uninterrupted to the end. A short time thereafter he was elected leader of the Democratic minority and, by the force of public opinion that led his party to victory, became majority leader in 1933. I was assistant leader of the majority and later leader of the minority, and our positions drew us close together because of policies and programs which well-organized parliamentary parties must follow if their purposes are to be carried to fruition.

When he was minority leader of the Democrats in the Senate, JOE ROBINSON was always human and helpful, never badgering, never baiting, never biting at the program initiated by the dominant party. Then, when our beloved Senator was elevated to the position of majority leader of this body he was tolerant ever of the aspirations of the minority, and through instinct, understanding, and experience exhibited a sympathy and knowledge of those bereft of temporary control by political processes.

Mme. President, I am not undertaking to disclose the Senator as a saint. He had his human foibles. He had a

fervent, emotional side, quick to strangle wrong; equally quick to combat the arguments of those who stood in his path. At times in debate his poise and innate judicial temperament were submerged by the resurgence of his emotionalism. Then he was the warrior bent on destruction. Master of inscrutable keenness and mental alertness, he possessed confidence, which in turn begat courage. These mental and temperamental qualities made him a conspicuous and constructive force in public life for a period extending over a third of a century. His nature was lovable, and the road to his heart was broad, and paved with generous impulses.

There was another side to the life of our beloved colleague revealed only to those who knew him intimately, and in this environment he was an exemplar. He loved the woods, the mountains, the streams, the lakes, and the sea. He had a kinship with Nature, and was enamored of the primeval and all that abundant Nature bestowed in flowers and trees, fish and fowl. He lived much in God's glorious out-of-doors, where there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." From such scenes he took inspiration and inculcated practical philosophy, which sustained him in many a tired and trying day and restless night.

As with all men in public life, his path alternately was strewn with tears and joy. During the last few years of his life, as leader of the Senate, his responsibilities grew manifold, but he carried them uncomplainingly, and never veered from what he thought was the true course when the welfare of his country was involved, even when personal ambition indicated an opposite path.

I pleasantly recall the words of one of the less well-known poems of Joyce Kilmer which our friend, JOE ROBINSON, recited to me on more than one occasion.

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years;
And now and then there's a tollgate where you pay your way with tears;
It's a rough and a steep road and it stretches broad and far;
But it leads at last to a golden town where golden houses are.

Mme. President, Joe Robinson never wished to wear the crown: he never hesitated to bear the cross. He sought equality for all and envied none, and my thought is that he lives today in a "golden town where golden houses are."

Address by Senator Borah

Of Idaho

Mr. BORAH. Mme. President, when word reached his colleagues that Senator ROBINSON had died during the night I think we all felt that a life had been given in response to the arduous call to duty. We know that he was fully advised of the threat to his health involved in a continued application to hard work, but, with unflinching devotion he remained with his task. The answer to the charge sometimes heard that public service no longer furnishes examples of personal sacrifice to public duty is answered by the life and death of our former colleague.

Others will dwell more at length upon the details of his long and successful public career and of the many splendid qualities which graced his private life. I must be content to pay a brief and simple tribute to a strong, brave colleague who met and discharged the heavy obligations made upon him with a fidelity to his trust which may well excite the admiration and the emulation of all who come into this body in search of worthy and lasting honors.

Senator ROBINSON was always just what he was—no shadow of display, no pretense. He was able, industrious, courageous. And he died with the deep respect and affectionate regard of the entire Senate.

Address by Senator Pittman

Of Nevada

Mr. PITTMAN. Mme. President, I am very grateful for this privilege to pay my brief and poor tribute to the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON. Our associations and our affection for each other were quite remarkable. I met him first just after my entrance into the United States Senate in February 1913. At that time he was a Member of the House of Representatives and Governor-elect of his State of Arkansas, but even at that moment he knew that the incoming legislature intended to elect him as a Senator in this body. In that moment I was drawn close to JOE ROBINSON. I was even then impressed and inspired by his vigor of mind and body, his frankness, his sincerity, enthusiasm, and aspiration to take part in the great work of this body in support of the incoming President and of all his great and constructive work.

It was not alone, however, in his political work that I became so intimate with him. He was a man who loved Nature. He loved his fellow men. He loved the out-of-doors, the birds, and the animals, and everything that God has made. Together we hunted and fished. We have occupied the same room on our hunting trips, sometimes in beautiful homes, sometimes in clubs, and sometimes in cabins. We have gotten up together in the early morning, before daylight, and have had our breakfast together as we thought with pleasant anticipation of the shoot out on the water. Through the misty dawn in many a blind we have sat and listened to the whistle of the wings of the birds before light permitted them to come into sight.

I have watched the sportsmanship of that man on the hunt. I have watched it in the boat. I have watched it on the side of the stream. I have watched him in those times when the soul of a man is bared, but no selfishness was ever evinced by him, only generosity. Then any man watching him would say, "There is a true sportsman."

I had the honor and privilege of being associated with him under the great administration of Woodrow Wilson. I saw then in him those evidences of courage, of loyalty, of industry, of sincerity, and of greatness which marked his whole life. I watched him throughout those great days of constructive legislative work. I watched his unselfish and patriotic services during the war. I watched his efforts in support of Woodrow Wilson that there might be established throughout the world some instrumentality for peace that might put away forever, or at least for a long time, the sufferings resulting from war. I watched him as minority leader, when he fought with all the courage and fortitude and ability which he possessed in so marked a degree. I watched him as majority leader of this body when he led with a vigor and an intelligence that distinguished him among the leaders who have served in this body. Yet through it all there was a tolerance for his opponents. Courtesy always abode with him. Back of it all, back of the heat of debate, there was the love that JOE ROBINSON had for his colleagues, for his fellow men.

No body of men ever responded to those characteristics better than did this body, because when it appeared that possibly the ambition of his life, the ambition of every great lawyer, was about to be fulfilled, and that perhaps the time had come when he would be named to the highest Court in the land, every Member of this body, without regard to party, without regard to previous disputes or contentions, rose as one Senator, as one Member, and assured not only the President of the United States but the whole country that the appointment of JOE ROBINSON would be approved

by this body, that the customary reference to the nomination to the Committee on the Judiciary would be waived, and that his nomination would be confirmed by acclamation.

Mme. President, I know of no such tribute ever having been paid by the Senate to any other man. That tribute stands so much higher than any we are now able to pay, that I feel that I have said all that I may say in this particular.

I think of Joe Robinson as the man that I knew, whose soul I think I understood, a man who loved his family, who loved his friends, who was loyal to his State, loyal to his Government, loyal to his leader, a man of courage, of fortitude, of integrity, and of tolerance. His family, his friends, his State, and our Government have suffered an irreparable loss.

Address by Senator Harrison

Of Mississippi

Mr. HARRISON. Mme. President, during the last decade JOE ROBINSON was the most influential legislator in the American Congress. He possessed such dynamic and forceful qualities, employed such studious precision in the mastery of every subject he approached as to make his legislative achievements preeminent in this generation. As a debater he will be long remembered, because he was forceful, logical, and convincing. He carried at all times a persuasiveness in argument which was inspiring to his friends and destructive to his foes.

His achievements were many, because he possessed the necessary qualifications and the indefatigable industry to accomplish difficult legislative tasks.

Imbued with strong personal convictions, but possessed with a spirit of cooperation, he often yielded to the counsel of others upon whom he depended. His leadership was all the more successful because he sought the advice of his fellow Senators. He was never hasty in reaching a conclusion or formulating a plan of party policy. He was practical in the truest sense. How often while leader did he call around him the steering committee, or those of his colleagues upon whom he relied, telling them of the magnitude of the problem he was called upon to solve, and without suggesting a formula, first invite frank, free, and full discussion of the subject? He was a good listener and open at all times to the counsel and suggestions of his colleagues. Because of his admirable traits of leadership and the legislative achievements under his guidance his name will go down as one of the great statesmen of his day and generation.

But why particularize his career when he was, it seems only yesterday, so close to us, and his accomplishments are so fresh and numerous that for me to say more would be superfluous?

While I admired his strong and unusual qualities as a statesman, it was as a friend that I valued him most. For more than a quarter of a century he and I served in the two Houses of Congress together, fought political battles together, fished and hunted, golfed, played, and journeyed together. He was one of the most agreeable companions and finest friends that ever lived. He was gentle and kind as a husband, thoughtful and considerate in an unusual degree of all those near and dear to him.

Others have spoken or will speak of the many places of high honor which marked his career, but I must repeat that I like to think of him and shall always remember him as a true friend, a real sportsman, and a great American statesman.

Address by Senator McKellar

Of Tennessee

Mr. McKELLAR. Mme. President, I first knew JOE ROBINSON when he and I were young men practicing law. He practiced in Lonoke, Ark., and I in Memphis, Tenn. The two cities are only 50 or 60 miles apart, and the law firm of Trimble & Robinson represented in Arkansas some of my Memphis clients. This was long before either of us came to Congress. In all his fine career, I never knew him to do a more proper thing than to secure the appointment as a Federal judge of the Honorable Thomas C. Trimble, Jr., a son of his former splendid law partner. This happened only a short time before Senator ROBINSON passed away. It was not long after he came to the bar that he entered politics, and for some years he was not actively engaged in the practice of law, but he had already made his mark as a splendid lawyer before he entered politics. We were close friends in those early days.

As I recall, he was first elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, in 1902, 8 years before I came to the House. After he came to Washington he often stopped in Memphis to visit me on his way to or from Washington. After I became a Member of the House he did this even more frequently. I always esteemed him very highly, and for a period of more than 30 years there existed between us the warmest and strongest ties of friendship.

On the morning prior to the night Senator ROBINSON passed away he called a conference in his office of a number of his colleagues concerning the judiciary bill, which was very close to his heart. He complained of the heat. He was not very well, and rested his head on his hands on the table, but no one then dreamed he was seriously ill.

There never was a truer, nobler or finer man; never a more honest or fairer man. It is true that he was sometimes impetuous, but he was always sincere, and as straight a man as ever lived.

Senator ROBINSON was a lawyer of great ability. He had an analytical mind, and a very methodical mind. He had what we lawyers call a legal mind, and would have adorned any court. As we all know, it was the height of his ambition to become a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. In my mind there was not the slightest doubt that President Roosevelt would have appointed him to the Supreme Bench in place of Mr. Justice Van Devanter, who resigned. Senator ROBINSON'S untimely passing kept him from realizing his greatest dream. Regardless of politics, I believe every Senator not only favored the choice of Senator ROBINSON for the Supreme Bench but was just awaiting the time when the nomination would be sent in to give it unanimous and immediate approval.

Senator ROBINSON and I served in the House together for only one term. He was a very vigorous and active Representative, and stood high in that body. He became a candidate for Governor of Arkansas, and was elected. In this connection, it is quite remarkable that Senator ROBINSON was Representative, Governor, and Senator, all within a period of about 5 weeks. He resigned his position as Representative in January 1913 to become Governor. He had served only a few weeks in that position when Senator Jeff Davis passed away. That was before the adoption of the seventeenth amendment, providing for the election of United States Senators by the people. At that time the State legislature had the power to elect Senators, and Governor ROBINSON was elected to the Senate by his State legislature to fill the place left vacant by the death of Senator Davis. He stayed in the Senate for the remainder of his life.

Senator ROBINSON soon rose to high position in the Senate, and in 1923, when Senator Underwood declined to

become a candidate for leader, Senator ROBINSON was elected, unanimously as I recall, to the minority leadership. As minority leader, he was a wonderful success and, of course, when the Democrats came back into power he was elected majority leader. Without criticizing anyone at all, I think I may say he was the greatest leader our party ever had in the United States Senate. Certainly he was the greatest leader I ever knew. All of the great legislative acts of the Roosevelt administration were passed under his leadership and guidance. Farm legislation, banking legislation, farm- and home-loan legislation, the Coal Act, all labor legislation, railroad legislation, the Social Security Act, and all other kinds of legislation put forward by the Roosevelt administration were under his general direction.

As everyone knows, legislation under the Roosevelt administration has covered a wide field. Senator ROBINSON was an adviser in every instance. He became familiar with every species and kind of legislation in order to be able to take the leadership in piloting such legislation through the Senate. Some of the more important of these legislative accomplishments were laws enacted relating to agriculture, air mail, antitrust measures, appropriation reforms, banking, civil service, interstate and foreign commerce, crime, flood control, holding companies, home financing, labor, liquor, military affairs, national defense, neutrality, power—especially the T. V. A.—public utilities, relief, revenues, roads, securities, shipping, tariffs, trade agreements, transportation, treaties ratified, veterans' affairs, war debts, and a vast number of lesser measures as well.

Senator ROBINSON served on the Foreign Relations Committee, and took a great deal of interest in that field of legislative work. He served on various other committees from time to time. His aid and assistance to committee chairmen were valuable to a high degree. It may be said of him that he probably had more to do with more different kinds of legislation than did any other man who ever sat in the Senate.

His devotion to President Roosevelt was sincere and beautiful. He believed in President Roosevelt. No President ever had a more faithful, a more loyal, a more clear-minded, a more resourceful-minded, a more ingenicus, or more successful leader than President Roosevelt had in Senator ROBINSON.

He was one of the hardest workers we had in the Senate, and no legislation was too small or too unimportant to receive his attention. He kept up with it all.

Senator ROBINSON liked to fish and hunt, and frequently did so. He liked to go to parties; but work was his first interest. He earned for himself a high place indeed among American statesmen. As a speaker, JOE ROBINSON was vigorous and often impassioned. He started early in life as a debater and was always willing to join issue with any other speaker at any time. He always gave a good account of himself in such discussions.

Senator ROBINSON traveled a great deal, read a great deal, and was a very learned and attractive man. Socially, he was delightful and pleasant and in great demand in Washington social circles as well as in his home State. He enjoyed the society of his friends and they enjoyed him. He was an excellent after-dinner speaker and, as such, was in great demand. His family life was very beautiful. He had a charming wife; and a more devoted couple I never knew. Mrs. Robinson went with him everywhere on all his trips. They had traveled all over the world. His devotion to her and to her family, as well as to his own family, was very beautiful.

JOE ROBINSON'S life was an open book. He loved people and people loved him. He was generous to a fault. While somewhat quick to anger—and I could never blame him for that—he was just as swift to make every proper amend. His mind was most remarkable. It was an educated mind. It was a mind which reasoned things out. He reached his conclusions slowly, but always thoroughly. He was ever

thoughtful of his friends. To illustrate: He went fishing only a day or two before he passed away. That night upon returning home, tired as he was after the long trip, he took his catch around to a number of his friends. He was every inch a man, and a statesman second to none.

For several years Senator ROBINSON and I had adjoining seats in the Senate. He was always ready to listen to any other Senator who approached him. It is true that some too-troublesome Senators did occasionally ruffle him, but I do not recall his ever having said anything offensive to any Senator who came to confer with him. As a Democratic leader he was patience personified. I often told him I did not see how he stood the strain.

In the more than 20 years I have been in the Senate I have seen great men come and go; I have been associated with them for a long, long time; but I think I may truthfully say that Senator ROBINSON was "the noblest Roman of them all."

I had the same feeling for him that I had for members of my own family. I sincerely mourn him still. He was one of the most useful, one of the most successful, one of the most brilliant, and one of the ablest Senators who have served in the United States Senate within my time. Peace to his ashes!

Address by Senator Wheeler

Of Montana

Mr. WHEELER. Mme. President, I am glad to have an opportunity to pay my humble tribute to the late Senator ROBINSON.

When I became a Member of the Senate in 1923 Senator ROBINSON had just been elected minority leader. I immediately recognized in him a master of men. Not only was he the leader of the minority party, but he also became, almost immediately, the majority leader of the United States Senate, for when he took a position nearly always the majority of the Senate followed him, whether they were Republicans or Democrats.

No one ever came in contact with Senator ROBINSON except to love and respect him, and very few men ever came in contact with him who were not dominated by him.

Senator ROBINSON was a partisan, sometimes I thought too partisan, but he was always tolerant of those who disagreed with him.

I admired him because of his devotion to his family; I admired him because of his loyalty to his friends; I admired him because of his great legal ability, because of the force of his character, and because he was a master of men.

As has been well said, Senator ROBINSON will go down in history as one of the great statesmen of all time. Neither the Democratic Party nor the Republican Party will ever have a greater leader in the United States Senate.

Address by Senator La Follette

Of Wisconsin

Mr. LA FOLLETTE. Mme. President, I first met JOSEPH T. ROBINSON when he came to the Senate in 1913. As a young man, then only 18 years of age, I shall never forget the kindly interest he displayed. Later when I became my father's secretary a strong personal friendship developed which continued until Senator ROBINSON's untimely death. During the ensuing years we often differed upon issues, but he was a man who never allowed the sharp clash of debate to mar his personal relationships with his colleagues.

No one who has served as majority leader in the Senate ever had a heavier load to carry than did Senator ROBINSON. The economic crisis presented a host of complex problems which have taxed the energy of every Senator, but the responsibility which his position entailed would have broken a man with less vitality and ability. I believe that all his fellow Senators, whether they belong to the majority or minority, will bear witness to the skill and fairness with which he met his arduous tasks.

Through the 12 years we served together in this body I had the experience of fighting with him and against him upon various important measures. His long legislative service and ability in debate made him a tower of strength in any cause which he espoused and a respected and powerful adversary in opposition. In running colloquy he was quick to seize upon any weakness in the argument of his opponent. He had a ready wit, and knew the effectiveness of irony and sarcasm at the opportune time in debate.

Senator ROBINSON was a man of natural dignity. He carried the honors conferred upon him by his fellow citizens and

colleagues with simple grace. He was withal an approachable man whose personal charm and social qualities equipped him to carry the burdens of legislative leadership at a time when fundamental differences in points of view prevailed among the members of his own party in the Senate.

He was a many-sided man. Although an indefatigable worker, he was fond of the out-of-doors. A skilled fisherman and a crack shot, he enjoyed to the full every opportunity which his busy life afforded to take his rod or gun and spend a few hours or days with congenial friends close to nature. He was interested in literature, history, the spoken drama, and liked occasionally to go to the "movies" for relaxation. He took an active part in the social life of Washington, where his long service had won him many close friends. Senator Robinson's gifts as a storyteller, and his genuine interest in people, made him a charming companion and a most delightful friend.

Fortunate indeed was the ideal relationship with his devoted wife. Throughout a long and strenuous public career they gave each other the combined strength which alone can come from mutual love and deep attachment. Having no children of their own, the Senator lavished his affection upon the boys and girls of his relatives and friends. He was never too busy to think of some kindness to the young people he knew.

Representative in Congress, Governor, Senator, minority leader from 1922 to 1933, majority leader from that year until his death, Joseph T. Robinson had a long and distinguished public service. History will accord him his place in the annals of the Republic. We who knew him will cherish his friendship and his memory.

Address by Senator Vandenberg

Of Michigan

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mme. President, I humbly participate in this memorial out of debt to a great friendship and in gratitude for a great life.

My affection for the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON is as fresh today as it was upon that burning July Sunday afternoon last summer when I joined the mourning pilgrimage of sorrow that followed him to his long, last home in the soil of his beloved Arkansas. My reflective estimate of his patriotic stature, his genius of leadership, his courage of battle, his implacable loyalty to his commitments does not dim with time. It grows with the lengthening years. Thus it is a joy to me—if joy may linger in the valley of the shadow—that the Senate of the United States should turn from the pressures of these engrossing legislative hours and from the cruel habits of human forgetfulness and should pause in reverence and appreciation before an honored tomb that greatly deserves to be a precious shrine.

Never shall I forget the shock and chill that took possession of our hearts when the dark news spread through a stunned and unbelieving Capitol that this sturdy captain of democracy had fallen in his sleep. No partisan aisle divided our riven griefs. We were akin in our burden and acknowledgment of universal loss—loss to us as a company of understanding friends despite all scars of combat, loss to a parliament wherein strong men are indispensably priceless to the destiny of a great nation, loss to the great America which we all worship with a common love. He had died in the very climax of historic combat which divided men as deeply as any issue can cut conscience to the quick.

He had died, it may be said, embattled in his armor at the head of troops. But every vestige of the bitter conflict swiftly melted into armistice that brought all contenders to their knees before his bier, one spontaneous sentiment triumphant over all—"There was a man!"

Others, here and elsewhere, have dwelt in well-earned eulogy upon the honorable credits which illuminate and glorify a lifetime record of notable public service that took him, step by step, up the ladder of fame and power and exacting responsibility to a place of critical authority scarcely less important than the Presidency itself. It is an epic in the story of our land. He richly deserved every tribute that may thus address itself to these achievements, because he won his way to the confidence alike of constituents and colleagues by constant proof of unremitting and dynamic worth. No statesman more definitely left his mark upon the annals of his time. He would have made a great President. He would have made a great Chief Justice of the United States.

Others have defined his splendid contributions to the welfare of commonwealth and country. Others have justly assessed his commanding stature in the Senate Chamber, where he strode among its giants for many years. Whatever cause he embraced, he sustained it with superb vigor, with incorrigible loyalty, and with all the earnestness of his great heart and soul. He was ever worthy of any foeman's steel. I can see him now, standing yonder at the corner desk, eloquently demanding approval for his point of view, giving blow for blow in the blazing rigors of debate—powerful in physique, powerful in argument, powerful in conviction, powerful in command, powerful in influence, and—most important of all—powerful in character. All these things are history.

I could add nothing to this epitaph. He wrote it for himself. But I can give myself the privilege of testifying that from the first moment when I entered this Chamber 10 years ago up to the last hour of the last day when Joe strode his

manly way among us—and he was just Joe to each and all—he was my sympathetic, helpful friend. Despite his high role in the greatest government on earth, despite his authority and place, he was simple and generous and kindly and companionable. He was considerate and helpful and gentle in his human contacts. He loved the great out-of-doors and reflected its strength in his own rugged nature. He loved his fellow men and reflected these generosities in all his human attitudes. I shall ever think of him as typifying the southern gentleman—the practical Christian—at his best.

Ah, yes! There was a man! There was a friend!

Address by Senator Connally

Of Texas

Mr. CONNALLY. Mme. President, I count it a great privilege to join in these tributes to the character, the services, and the personal relationships of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

Mme. President, Senator ROBINSON as a Senator and a political figure was distinguished not alone by his adroitness in counsel but by his vigorous, aggressive championship of the causes he represented. He was a sage in counsel, and yet a Titan in debate. He was a man who was broad in his views. He was familiar not alone with problems of a domestic character but with world problems. He had traveled extensively, and he was deeply interested in international affairs.

Those of us who associate with Senators on this floor meet them usually after they have attained success. Some of us are thrown up here by reason of political convulsions, or accident, or chance. To me, it is always interesting to ask, "Whence came this man? Who is he? Where is he from?"

In that connection I like to dwell upon the life of Senator ROBINSON, which is a refutation of the theory that the small-town character cannot rise to eminence. I have been in his home town, almost a village, in Arkansas, where Senator ROBINSON lived until quite recent years, a town of probably not over a thousand population. It was there that he practiced law. It was there that he rose to eminence in his profession, not restricted, of course, to the local bar, but having a practice extending over a large area. His home, however, was in Lonoke, Ark. It was from there that he became a Member of the Congress, from there that he became Governor, and later United States Senator.

There is an erroneous concept in the minds of some columnists and magazine writers that those who live in isolated or small communities are provincial. Senator ROBINSON's life is a refutation of that. He lived down close to the people. He struggled and fought in country courtrooms, and from thence on to larger forums and larger arenas. Frequently the man who lives in the great city is so busy with the immediate problems about him, and the noises and excitements and amusements, that he becomes provincial; his horizon does not extend much farther than the city limits. But Senator ROBINSON's ability, character, and imagination, with his books, opened up a vista not alone of his own State but of his Nation and the world, and his ambition was kindled and went soaring from this little village in Arkansas.

Senator ROBINSON was a product of a small community. He went to a small college. I do not know who his professors were, but I dare say there were some lofty souls amongst them. I remember having read some years ago about William and Mary College. George Wythe was a professor of law in William and Mary, and in his classrooms there sat John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and other great men of that generation. I have often wondered whether or not down in that little dim classroom in William and Mary the brain that moved the hand of Thomas Jefferson when he wrote in letters of flame the great Declaration was not even then envisaging and arming itself for the struggles and trials of the years of the Revolution, and that Madison was garnering the wisdom and profound statesmanship that were later reflected in the Constitution, and as John Marshall sat there under the teachings of George Wythe I doubt not that his soul was stimulated and kindled and his judicial character molded long before he wrote the opinion of the Supreme Court in Marbury against Madison and McCullough against Maryland, and other great constitutional opinions.

JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON

I glory in the fact that in JOE ROBINSON there was a life and a character that sprang from right down among the people. He secured his election to Congress by reason of no machine. No great political boss selected him and elected him. No particular commercial or financial interest in Lonoke, Ark., could have dominated a district and placed their servant in the Congress or in the Governor's chair. He was instinctively a Democrat. He saw the people in their everyday life. He knew their hardships and their troubles and their trials, and instinctively he became a great Democrat.

Mme. President, Senator ROBINSON stood high among the great political figures of his generation. He walked with the great, yet he died poor. He did not capitalize his public service to his private purse. He died with empty hands, and unspotted vestments.

There have been some expressions here today which seemed to indicate a regret that Senator ROBINSON was not appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet I wonder whether it is not just as well that he was not. It is better to be worthy of and to deserve a seat on the Supreme Court than to have one. His theater was here. His stage was here in the forum. I rather fancy that had he lived he would have been a Justice of the Supreme Court, worthy, able, a profound lawyer; yet I wonder whether it would have added anything to his fame.

Mme. President, were I a farmer I think I should prefer to fall amidst my acres and my growing crops. Were I a physician I think that I should prefer to fall while on some mission of mercy and healing. Were I a soldier I should prefer to die with a sword in my hand.

JOE ROBINSON is dead. His body occupies only 6 feet of earth, no more than the humblest laborer in all the land; but his spirit outshoulders much of the sky. He will loom larger and larger as the lengthening years stretch onward toward eternity.

Address by Senator Davis

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. DAVIS. Mme. President, the passing of Senator ROBINSON was a genuine loss to the Senate and to all its Members. When I first came to Washington, 17 years ago, I had the opportunity to know him, and from the very first respected his fine abilities as a leader and a servant of the people. When I became a Member of the Senate he was kind and gracious to me and did much to make me feel at home in this place. He was a stanch friend, a strong opponent, and a fearless defender of the cause which he accepted.

His devotion to duty was an example to all who knew him. He was an indefatigable worker, and, indeed, the very greatness of his labors and the intensity of his efforts helped to bring on his sudden death.

When the evening of life comes for each of us, as it must inevitably come to all, what better hope can we have than that our tasks shall still be found in our hands and our hearts set on the high enterprise to which we have set our faces? This was the lot of Senator ROBINSON—to be busy, tremendously busy, to the very end.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

Senator ROBINSON has entered into his rest and into a larger place of affection and good will in the hearts of his fellow countrymen. His spirit lives on in this Chamber—a constant reminder of the high service a true statesman can render to his country.

Address by Senator Bailey

Of North Carolina

Mr. BAILEY. Mme. President, the career of Senator ROBINSON was without parallel in Congress in certain important aspects. We may recall others who have served longer, we may think of some who may be regarded as more brilliant, and of others perhaps more eloquent, but we can think of none in the long history of this body, 150 years of continuous existence, who has been more diligent, none who carried such great burdens, none who pressed to successful conclusion so many great measures, and none who carried with him throughout so much of the confidence and the good will of his colleagues. He takes his place as one of the great figures in the historic Senate.

The career of Senator ROBINSON is an inspiration to every man who beholds it. It is a career of constant rise and honor, ever expanding in influence, ever increasing in service to his country, whether as citizen, Representative in the National House of Representatives, Governor of his State, Senator of the United States, and minority leader and majority leader therein. In each relation he quickly established a distinguished place, he quickly found, not in the acclaim of men, but in an inevitable recognition, the justification of his elevation.

His was no middle flight, and as I think at this moment of his career from a young man in a small hamlet of a mid-western city, rising after and in the midst of the hard days of the Civil War, soaring ever and widening ever, unbroken, I am reminded of Shelley's description of the skylark that—

> Singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

His was a remarkably sustained flight in ever widening and ever more elevated circles.

I like to think at this moment that there is no end of that flight, and that the spirit of our friend who here was visible with us so long and so happily will still soar around us and lead us on as by a holier and a more ennobling inspiration than when we knew him as he sat in yonder seat.

Senator ROBINSON was subjected here to the severest of all tests through long years, and in a deeply troubled period, tests, I think, by reason of the troubled character of his time, from 1914 to the moment of his death, more exacting than those to which any of his predecessors was subjected—the test of being leader of his party, the test of leader for the administration, the test of the infinite demands that are made by Senators upon such a leader. You and I will bear witness at this moment that Senator ROBINSON not only met those tests, but he proved himself in an astonishing way superior to them, and, after long years, more than 20 years of that testing, now that we see that he is gone from among us, there is not one Member in the Senate, and there was not one Member in the Senate when he was living, but would bear witness to the good will that he felt in his heart for the leader, whether agreeing or disagreeing with him, whether in victory or in defeat.

I suppose no man ever served in this body who had such a rare faculty for dealing with and differing with his colleagues and at the same time commanding something far more to be prized than mere admiration for his strength of character or his capacity for service.

We have heard on this occasion the language of something more than good will, something deeper than appreciation. We have heard the language of a profound affection, a real and abiding love for a man who notwithstanding all his rugged manliness, the great manly qualities that were resident in him, carried at the same time the antidote to criticism, carried in his very being, in the genial twinkle

of his eyes, in the friendly touch upon the shoulder after the difference in debate, or the comradeship along the stream or in the field, something indefinable that justifies, nay, demands, the love of one's fellow men. I do not think that we could analyze, I do not think that we could worthily bear witness to it, but we could not resist speaking of it.

Senator ROBINSON was cast in the mold of greatness. He had a great physique. There was something about him that gave one the sense of unusual physical power as he moved in one's presence. There was something of tireless physical energy about him. He was an indefatigable man, who at yonder desk and in his position of leadership day by day did probably more work than any five of his colleagues, a man who rarely became impatient, who rarely seemed to be hurried, and who on all occasions, notwithstanding the great host of measures and demands that confronted him, was singularly ready and never wearied until those last few hours in a great struggle in which he was last of all of us to recognize that he was weary.

He had a very great mental energy and a quick, comprehensive intelligence. He met the issues of debate day by day. You and I had the benefit of reports and committee hearings. Our leader had no such benefits, but there were few who could match him in debate on any question.

Added to these unusual qualities there was another quality to which I wish especially to refer. I think Senator ROBINSON was endowed with a phenomenal ardor. I have observed it amongst others, but I have never known a human being who had his capacity for ardor. One might observe it in the fishing excursion. With what zest and enthusiasm he went into that diversion! Or if he were called to the field in the hunt, none could surpass him in the pursuit of the prey or the joy in the pursuit, and none could quite equal his relish in the reminiscence of the day's excitements.

In the tasks in the Senate, day after day and hour after hour, through more than 4 years, with legislation of the

utmost importance and the greatest sort of variety being poured into the arena, in such a stream, and of such a newness as the Congress has never known before, and had never suspected could be possible, he met the demands of it all, and he met them with his whole heart, his whole mind, and soul, and being. That was his ardor, and that was the secret of his power and his greatness.

He reminded me of Lord Nelson's definition of honor. Lord Nelson always told his sailors and his captains that they had not discharged the obligations of honor in battle until they had exposed themselves in the utmost degree to the enemy, and had done everything that men could do to win the battle, regardless of the consequences to themselves. The great admiral's conception of honor was that in the conflict he who fought should consider no exits, no means of escape. You and I bear witness that as our friend did battle here he threw into the battle every ounce of his whole being—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. He seemed fully taken up and carried away with it. He staked all upon the issue.

I think that brings us to the fact that most distinguished him and which most commanded our confidence. When Senator ROBINSON was there he was all there. When he was on a side all of him was on it. That is the great definition of character in terms of description. When he was on a side everything there was within him was on that side.

I remember Romola answering a question which her son put to her in the fourteenth century. He asked his mother how a man could be both great and happy. The mother discussed greatness in terms of her acquaintances. She said of Fra Girolamo: "Fra Girolamo has the greatness of integrity."

I believe every Senator will join with me in bearing witness to just that—that JOE ROBINSON had the greatness of integrity, the wholeness of all that was within him being just as it was represented to be. He was integrity in action.

Mme. President, time does not permit of a real effort to analyze the character of our friend. I draw to the conclusion with just one remark: That to all these great qualities were added a remarkable breadth of view and a beautiful tolerance of spirit. I think it may well be said that the sportsman on the stream or in the field was no less a sportsman in the arena of the Senate and in the wider arena of American politics.

But it must be said that there is but one interpretation of his course here that is consistent with all that we know of him—and that is that he was actuated by a high sense of duty. He supported measures that were new to him in the profound conviction that there must be unity of leadership in a great emergency. This was his conception of his leadership, and I honor him for it and the vigor with which he maintained it. He was moved by no selfish motive but by a sense of duty in the highest loyalty.

He was overtaken in an hour of great struggle. His spirit had demanded of his mighty frame more than it could sustain, and it broke away. It is significant that a copy of the RECORD was found beside his body. He had been reading the debate of the day to prepare for the morrow. He was stricken in the thick of the battle and at the forefront. His death made history.

I think it is well with our friend. I believe it is worth while to remark that if we may believe the greatest Interpreter of life here and the life to come it is well with JOE ROBINSON. It was that Interpreter who said that he who is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many things; that he who does well with the talents with which he is entrusted here shall be given larger talents with which to deal in the hereafter. He further said, "Whosoever would be first among you, let him be the servant of all."

Measured by the standards of the Great Interpreter, I think we may hold to our hearts the assurance that his

spirit will dwell here with us in a happy and inspiring memory; that he is now a part of the living, historic Senate; and that he still serves, he still increases, he still grows, still rises.

In the words of Milton:

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame—nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Address by Senator Hatch

Of New Mexico

Mr. HATCH. Mme. President, as one of the newer Members of this body, it was not my privilege to have that long and close association which many Senators have had with him whom we seek to honor and to whom we pay tribute. However, my association with him was sufficiently long and sufficiently close to give me a deep and lasting impression of what I think were the outstanding traits and characteristics of Senator ROBINSON.

I shall not attempt to restate or review the details of his life in this body or in his native State. That has been done well, ably, and eloquently. I should like to speak for a moment in, perhaps, a somewhat different vein, but emphasizing and again stressing the traits of character which spell the words which make the life history of JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

Only recently, Mme. President, I heard one of the ablest, wisest, and most learned Members of this body, one of a philosophical turn of mind, discussing the subject of what imprint or impression is made on the lives of men and nations by those who serve in affairs of state. His philosophy was a gloomy one. It was the philosophy of the forgotten; for he said that all men, regardless of rank or station, are forgotten almost as soon as breath departs. So when I learned that we were to meet today to pay tribute to him who was our friend and associate, I could not help but meditate upon the words of the Senator who spoke this gloomy philosophy. I wondered if his words were true. Is it true that we are all so soon forgotten?

Of course, some men will not remember and will have no occasion to revere the character of such a man as Senator ROBINSON. Men who are weak and afraid; men who do not understand and appreciate courage and bravery; men who are dishonest or given to short turns and sharp practices; men who are selfish, mean, and little of soul and mind; men who do not admire strength of intellect and patriotic statesmanship—such men will not remember Senator ROBINSON, and in the houses where they dwell no room will be found in which to store the memory of such a man as Senator ROBINSON. By them, and by all their ilk and breed, he is forgotten.

Notwithstanding the philosophy of the forgotten, it pleases me today to believe that there is a difference, and that that philosophy is not true. I choose to believe that the courageous and brave remember the courageous and brave; that those who are honest and who deal squarely with their fellow men remember those who deal honestly and fairly with their fellow men. Those who are great of soul, mind, and character remember those who are great of soul, mind, and character.

This is the tribute I bring to Senator ROBINSON. Among the courageous and brave, among the honest and loyal, among men of character, intellect, and vision, among men of patriotic statesmanship, the memory of JOSEPH T. ROBINSON will not fade away and die. Among such men everywhere he is remembered.

I planted a tree today
Where a tree had never grown before,
And it will live, I am sure,
An hundred years or more.
Children playing beneath
Will eat of the fruit of my tree,
Men will rest within its shade
And some may speak of me.

But on through the long, long years to come,
Surely I will not care
Whether men praise or whether they blame,
So long as my tree grows there.
And on through the trend of an hundred years,
Perhaps alway
My tree will live and live and live.
I planted a tree today.

In the forests of men JOSEPH T. ROBINSON planted many, many trees, trees of courage, loyalty, bravery, devotion, friendship, honesty, and all the virtues which go to make a true and rugged American citizen. So long as those trees live and grow, so long will the memory of Senator ROBINSON "live, and live, and live."

Address by Senator Guffey

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. GUFFEY. Mme. President, in the death of the late Senator ROBINSON the country lost one of its great statesmen, the Senate an able leader, the State of Arkansas a courageous, resourceful representative. His passing was a profound personal loss to many of us in the Capital City.

The memory of the late Senator from Arkansas as a statesman and an able representative has been recalled by those who have preceded me. It is as his personal friend that I wish to speak at this time.

Coming to the Senate as one of the Senators from a State with one of the largest constituencies of the Union my task at the beginning in serving my Commonwealth was to me one of gigantic proportions. My first duty naturally was to make acquaintanceship at the Senate, to learn its routine and the intricacies of its proceedings. Fortunately for me, one of my first actions upon my arrival was to call upon the leader of the Senate, who was my old friend in many political campaigns of years past.

Senator ROBINSON, in the genial way which made him beloved by us all, immediately made me comfortable, and expressed his pleasure to greet a Democratic Senator from what he had thought in years past the rock-ribbed Republican State of Pennsylvania. Naturally I was pleased by this cordial recognition.

This consideration by the Senator in the interest of an incoming Senator I learned, while at the time I thought it was personal to me, was characteristic of the man. I appreciated the genuineness of his interest, his solicitude, and friendly inquiries, and learned afterward in conferring with

my colleagues that he was able to show the same interest in all the newly elected, and to help in assigning them to committees appropriate to their natural abilities and of benefit to their home interests.

What better tribute can be paid to a man than to acknowledge that you felt his intense personal interest in your welfare; that he took each individual case of an incoming Senator as a personal one; that he gave to its needs thought and consideration; that he made you feel he was centering his interest in you; and that he was devoting his time and attention to aiding you in the new fields of public service which were opening wide to you?

Senator ROBINSON, at the beginning of his leadership of the majority party in 1933, commanded as leader the greatest number of Democrats ever elected to the Senate in one Congress. His many years of service as minority leader had fitted him for this unprecedented task—leader of 59 members of his own party. The task before him in finding committees that fitted individual and State qualifications for so large a number would have seemed to many men a difficult undertaking, but the manner in which he mastered the situation showed that he had been trained to handle these matters.

It was daily contact with Senator ROBINSON in the transaction of senatorial business, and a happy custom we had of lunching together very frequently, that gave me the opportunity to know of his ability and charm. It was this close contact that afforded me insight into his masterful strategy in engineering legislation through the Senate which enabled me to know the genuineness of his love for his work, to know of his faithfulness to party ties, to hear him tell the lovable and homely stories of the mountain folk, to hear him relate the humorous darky stories he told so well, to learn of his experiences in field and stream, to gain knowledge of his travels, to respect the logic and accuracy of his assertions, and, all in all, to be a better Senator for having had

this association with him. It was this close contact that gave me the opportunity of knowing of his faithfulness to a promise and loyalty to a friend. It was these characteristics that give me reverence for his memory. I am proud to recall that he was my friend.

Address by Senator Miller

Of Arkansas

Mr. MILLER. Mme. President, JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, foremost public man in the history of Arkansas, was born in the rural community of Concord, in Lonoke County, Ark., August 26, 1872. He was the youngest of 10 children born to Dr. James and Matilda Jane (Swaim) Robinson.

He was educated in the public schools of the State, the University of Arkansas, where he worked his way, and the University of Virginia.

His public service began at the age of 22 with his election to the General Assembly of Arkansas as the representative of Lonoke County for a 2-year term. He studied law in the office of Judge Thomas C. Trimble at Lonoke, and was admitted to the bar in 1895.

In 1896 he married Miss Ewilda Miller, the lovely and gracious woman who profoundly influenced the character and quality of all his remaining years.

From 1895 until 1902 he devoted himself most assiduously and successfully to the practice of law. In the latter year he was a candidate for Congress, and after a friendly joint campaign in which he and his opponent often traveled together, defeated the amiable and popular Col. Sam Taylor, of Pine Bluff. He was reelected to the House of Representatives four times.

In September 1912, after a brilliant campaign, he was chosen as Governor over a stalwart, able, and highly esteemed opponent, Hon. George W. Donaghey. On January 14, 1913, he resigned his seat in the House of Representatives and was inaugurated Governor 2 days later, January 16, 1913.

On January 28, 1913, he was elected Senator by the General Assembly of Arkansas to fill the unexpired term of Senator Jeff Davis. Thus he was a Representative in Congress, Governor of his State, and Senator-elect, all within a period of 14 days, a record unequaled in the history of American politics. But he did not take his seat in the Senate until a few weeks later, on March 10, 1913.

Those were stirring days in the politics of Arkansas. The brilliant young leader, flashing like a meteor across the political heavens of that State, led many to predict a meteoric end to his career. There were those who were moved with indignation because of his leaving the Governor's office, and they prophesied that he had gone up like a rocket, but that he would come down like the stick. But he met the crucial test with poise, character, and ability; and the bright star of JOE ROBINSON'S public service, growing in luster through the advancing years, was at its zenith when the dark shadow of death threw it into untimely and sad eclipse.

Five times he was elected to this body by the people of his State. In his last race in 1936, in which he was returned by the largest majority of his experience, again carrying every county as he did in 1930, he did not make a campaign speech nor write a campaign letter.

I do not need to say in this place that this was not the haughty and disdainful strategy of a proud master of an invincible political machine. Rather it was the natural action of a public servant who had confidence in those whom he served and who was willing to test the gratitude of his native State and the fine principle laid down by Addison:

> 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Of his long and distinguished service in this body others have spoken with greater appropriateness and authority than can I. But as his successor, I take this opportunity of attesting the affectionate pride with which he was regarded by the people who so consistently honored him and whom he so steadfastly served.

JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON

It has been said that Senator Robinson was never a popular idol in Arkansas. He never cared to be. He loved many people and thousands loved him. He held some people in contempt, especially the hypocritical, but no one held him in contempt. He had his country doctor father's sympathy for the poor. He came to manhood in the bitter panic of the early nineties and was an economic and political liberal as a freshman Congressman. He was proud of his unchanging fidelity to the cause of underprivileged men, and in the last interview of a personal nature he ever gave he more or less impatiently admonished his friend, S. J. Wolff, of the New York Times, to review the consistent record of 35 years' devotion to the welfare of the common man.

But Arkansas respected her great champion most for his candor, his rectitude, his loyalty, and his unflinching courage. His friends love to tell the story of a pompous gentleman with important financial connections who came to him on a delicate and urgent mission. He sought the Senator's influence with an official of the Government, but with awkward condescension explained that he did not desire to use "political influence."

"In that event," said Joe, "you don't need me, for that's the only kind of influence I have."

The people of Arkansas respected Joe T. Robinson because over a period of 35 years he had the courage and the common sense to follow, in public office, the tart admonition of Emerson:

> Go put your creed into your deed,
> Nor speak with double tongue.

When the great leader of the majority was stricken on July 14 last, falling "with face to the battle," there ran through every estimate of his character and service, like the refrain of an old and noble hymn:

> His word was good; his courage unflinching; his character was granite.

Men might differ in their estimates of his intellectual endowments, his insight into the hopes and aspirations of

humanity, and the quality of his political faith, but with one accord they echoed the unforgettable tribute paid by Antony to Brutus:

> The elements (were)
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Here was a public servant who believed that a promise should be matched with a performance, and who regarded a pledge as he would a promissory note. He neither saw nor talked double. His capacity for seeing things in their true relation was almost clairvoyant; and his ability and willingness to express in blunt, clear speech his views on public matters was a tradition in his home State, as it later became in the Nation.

In speaking of his passing, a great editor of Arkansas who knew him well, and who immediately preceded him in this body as the interim appointee after the death of Senator Davis, said:

> The untimely loss of the leader of the Senate, the great lieutenant of President Roosevelt, is of deep concern to the whole Nation because he bore so large a part in national affairs. But here in his own State the first reactions are those of human grief and sorrow. It has been said of some beloved and honored men in history that when they died little children cried in the streets. There were literal tears when the sad news came that JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, Arkansas' beloved and honored son, had been taken away. The people of this State were moved by feelings so deep and poignant that they far transcended all ordinary public regret at the death of a distinguished public officer.

His death was heroic. Into the battle he was called to lead he threw all his physical strength and mental powers, all his great personality, all his parliamentary experience and ability, and all his fighting heart—the brave heart that only death could conquer.

Many of us here today were at the grave when this great son of Arkansas was committed to the soil of the State he loved and served. I think there was something symbolic in the behavior of the elements that day. The great humidity

of midafternoon, settling like a pall over the capital city and suggesting the pent-up emotions of the people, presaged the coming storm. The cortege moved from the church through solid lines of silent men, women, and children, black and white, rich and poor, great and humble. The last sad rites of his church were spoken with beautiful simplicity by the minister, who concluded with Stevenson's noble Requiem:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

As the final prayer died on the lips of the minister, the lightning flashed, "the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon" the grave of the departed leader. I could not escape then, nor can I in retrospect, the feeling that the sudden fury of the long-gathering storm was the symbol of the anguished cry of sorrow which rose from the hearts of the people when the gallant leader passed from view.

But the storm passed quickly, and the glory of a July sunset bathed the hillside and the mountain of flowers under which JOE ROBINSON was sleeping. Fragrant as those flowers, and warm as that sunset, is the memory of JOE ROBINSON in the hearts of the people of Arkansas.

And now, Mme. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, I move that the Senate stand in recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the motion of the Senator from Arkansas.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 17 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Thursday, April 21, 1938, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *July 14, 1937.*

Mrs. CARAWAY. Mr. President, it is with deep grief that I rise to announce the death of my late colleague and the majority leader of this body, the late senior Senator from Arkansas, Mr. ROBINSON. It is not my purpose at this time to try to enumerate the good qualities or to call attention to the statesmanship of the man whom the Senate, the Nation, and his State will so greatly miss and whose death they all so deeply deplore.

At this time I submit resolutions and ask unanimous consent for their immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The legislative clerk read the resolutions (S. Res. 150), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the President pro tempore to take orders for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Arkansas.

Mr. COPELAND. Mr. President, we walk today in the "valley of the shadow of death." A great Democrat, a great patriot, a great American has been taken from us.

Senator ROBINSON was in the prime of life, as we count age today. He should have continued in the midst of things for a decade or more. Our friend died in battle, perhaps as he would have wished to die, but that is little comfort to his friends who mourn.

Some of us felt he was carrying a greater load than he should have been given. Within a few days, Tuesday a week ago, indeed, I became concerned over what I saw through my medical eyes. Going to his side in the midst of the debate I urged him not to permit his zeal to invite his own destruction. I felt that the Angel of Death was touching the elbow of Senator ROBINSON at that moment.

The oil of joy and contentment and peace lubricates the wheels of life; the sand of combat, dissension, and bitter argument is sure to get into the bearings and slow down, and even stop those wheels.

Mr. President, the fate of the Nation, its imminent peril, the possibility of war, or anything that might be a real menace to our people, would justify the continuance of this session. But no such necessity drives us today.

My fellow Senators, I am sorry sometimes that I ever studied medicine. Nearly 50 years have elapsed since I received that coveted diploma; but the embarrassment of medical knowledge is that many times it discloses to the medical man in the face and bearing of a friend the warning his dissolution is near at hand.

Mr. President, I say in all seriousness to my brethren that the menace is here in this Chamber today.

I speak of this because I have been urged for a week or two to speak seriously of the necessity of sounding a warning as to the physical effects which may follow what is being endured here.

We come to this Chamber, which seems cold as we come into it, and the first impression is a shock to the system. We go from it into the heated air, with another shock. All the conditions of our lives make for the possibility of physi-

cal disaster. Then when are added the mental conditions incident to argument and dissension, as well as the combat of discussion, we have a combination which should be a warning to every person within the sound of my voice. I felt it my duty to say these things. I have said them from the heart.

No one here, I am sure, respected and admired Senator ROBINSON more than did I. We mourn his loss; we are saddened by the sight of that empty chair. Mr. President, out of this disaster may come a warning which will fend off other disasters.

We mourn with Mrs. Robinson and share her grief.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, in the hour of grief, in the ministrations of affliction, when the mind is overshadowed with gloom and the sable drapery of mourning is drawn in heavy folds about us, silence is sometimes more eloquent and impressive than the chaste rhetoric of the scholar or the flowing declamation of the orator. We meet today in the midst of that gloom, in the midst of those ministrations, and with that sable drapery of mourning drawn in heavy folds around us. None of us this morning has that command of language which can portray the feelings of our hearts over the sad news which we have received since last we met. We cannot speak of our friend; we can only feel.

I had known Senator ROBINSON for a quarter of a century. I knew him as a Member of the other House, as, for a brief season, Governor of his State, and for nearly that long as a Senator of the United States. No abler, truer, finer, more loyal, or devoted man ever served in this Chamber from any State. No man ever bore the responsibility of leadership with greater courage, fortitude, patience, foresight, or wisdom than was that responsibility borne by the Senator in whose honor we speak briefly this morning.

I think Senator ROBINSON'S death constitutes at this particular time a major calamity, not only to us who loved him

as a friend, not only to the party whose leader he has been for many years, but to the country at large. Not within my recollection has death created a greater calamity to the public service.

From every standpoint, by whatever yardstick we use in measuring a man, Senator ROBINSON measured fully up to the highest standard. We mourn him as a friend; we mourn his loss as a public servant; and we ourselves, as men and as public servants, will do well to emulate his example.

Peace to his ashes. May God rest his militant soul, and if, after the long years of toil and labor and vicissitude here, it shall be our privilege to greet him in another land, we shall rejoice in that reunion and in that faith.

The President pro tempore (Mr. Pittman) is now occupying the chair. He was one of the most intimate friends of Senator ROBINSON, and at present is deprived of the opportunity of paying a tribute to his friend, but on the day set aside for memorial exercises will have the opportunity of expressing his admiration, respect, and love for the deceased.

Mr. McNARY. Mr. President, wearied by the contest in which he played such a conspicuous and dramatic part, our beloved leader has passed on to his rest. The Republican Members of this body join with me in expressing profound regret and sorrow at the passing of Senator ROBINSON.

At some appropriate time I hope it may be my privilege to pay a further tribute to his memory.

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. President, for many years I have sat here beside Senator ROBINSON. We were friends and neighbors down on the Mississippi River more than 30 years ago. We served in the House together. We served in the Senate together. We were personal, political, and social friends.

I never knew a nobler man than JOE ROBINSON. Impetuous at times, he was one of the finest characters, one of the manliest of men, one of the truest friends in all the world.

I deeply mourn his passing. I deeply grieve over his untimely end.

There never was a better leader in either branch of the Congress than JOE ROBINSON. There never was a stronger man in either branch of Congress than JOE ROBINSON. There never was a truer friend and there never was a more generous opponent.

He had a wonderful mind and a noble heart. His life was an open book. His love and devotion to his lovely wife and to his family constituted one of the most admirable of his many admirable traits of character. He was a statesman second to none and one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate. I deeply deplore his death. I am grieved as for one of my own family. I join with every Member of the Senate in expressing the deepest regret over his untimely passing.

Mr. LEWIS. Mr. President, it may be, as the philosopher poet has inscribed, that—

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Awaits alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

But, sir, while we may reconcile ourselves to that philosophy and recognize in it the fulfillment of the decrees immutable, it is agreeable to dwell for a second upon the scene presented in this body at this moment. I would invite the countries of the world, wherever their parliaments are assembled, to view at this moment the United States Senate, this great legislative body in this American Nation. Behold how those of opposite political faith and those of conflicting contention sit in the quietude of suffering, with suppressed tears in their hearts at the loss of their fellow legislator. Every difference of the past is quelled. Every mutiny is hushed. Nothing of the past that took on the form of party contest is reflected in the slightest suggestion, while everything of expression moves to that beautiful sympathy, that brother-

hood which feels the depths of loss and suffering for its stricken.

In this moment I rise to note what security there is in this scene in America. What a beautiful example is exhibited of the support and sustenance of all that could be called for in government. The compliments paid, the suggestions given by the eminent leader of our opposition called Republican [Mr. McNary], that which came from the assistant leader occupying the place of leader, the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Barkley], express the united feeling at this moment, together with that which we send out to our country, that it may know that at a more appropriate time will come those individual testimonials to character and qualification appropriate to the occasion. For the moment I merely invite the attention of the world to what this body now represents in its expressions as to America, and I close with the appropriate adoption of the poet Browning and proclaim, "God's in His heaven. All's well with America."

Mr. HARRISON. Mr. President, in common with the whole membership of the Senate, my heart is heavy and my eyes are filled with tears. Joe Robinson was, to my mind, the most useful, the most dynamic, the most forceful, and the most influential man I have ever seen in public life. He had a heart of gold, yet as tender as the heart of a child.

We are all grieved. Arkansas has contributed distinguished and illustrious names to add to the glory of our history; but, Mr. President, with all her distinguished and illustrious characters, none will ever brighten the future of this country as will the services and labors and fine deeds of this, her noble son.

I grieve with you, Mr. President and fellow Senators, in the loss of our colleague and friend.

Mr. VANDENBERG. Mr. President, with inexpressible sorrow and regret I wish humbly to be permitted to place my wreath of abiding affection and respect at the tomb of this

great memory. Through nearly 10 years of my service here Senator ROBINSON was my cherished friend. He was a great citizen, a great Senator, and a great American. His country without division will mourn the passing of a sterling character and a noble soul.

It is dark in the valley of the shadow, Mr. President, but thank God for His promise of the great reunion.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. Mr. President, I am altogether conscious of my inability to express here upon this occasion the feelings that well up in my heart as in the hearts of every Member of this body. However, I cannot allow the moment to pass without giving some expression to the profound grief which I personally feel in the passing of this great man.

It was more than 20 years ago that I first heard Senator ROBINSON. It was on this floor. As a young man I listened to him in one of the great debates at the beginning of the World War. I shall never forget the inspiration I drew from what he said upon that occasion. I shall never forget the admiration with which I was filled at his eloquence and power.

I can only say now that he was a brave man; he was a simple man; he was a loyal man; he was an able man. He was a Senator of the United States. Vigorous and forceful though he was, he was also patient and tolerant and tender. He was beloved by his colleagues in all that term implies.

Mr. President, I am profoundly grieved that his service has ended.

Mr. WAGNER. Mr. President, later there may be an opportunity to add more to what I may say at this sad moment. Senator ROBINSON'S life was one of ever-enlarging service to the Nation. His public career was long and distinguished, and his last years in the capacity of Democratic leader assured him a permanent place in American history.

Chosen to be the chief legislative general in the most comprehensive social and economic program ever enacted

in this country, his integrity of mind and character and his remarkable talents made every Member of the Senate, regardless of party, feel that no one else could have done his work so well as he did it. His masterful accomplishments will long stand as an inspiration to others and as a standard by which unselfish, devoted, and brilliant public service will be judged.

The Nation has suffered a great loss, and everyone who knew Senator ROBINSON as I did will find it hard to recover from the shock of his unexpected passing.

Mr. AUSTIN. Mr. President, I rise to say farewell to a friend and to wish God's compassion and support for his bereaved widow.

The Nation has suffered a tremendous disappointment and loss in the sudden departure of JOSEPH ROBINSON. So far as his record known to me goes, I can testify that I have admired his fidelity as the leader in the Senate of a great party, responsible for a program. Regardless of and notwithstanding private opinions or private differences, I have admired and gloried in the sacrifice that I have realized was being made by him at times in fidelity to a cause; and so far as that other matter of the soul goes—that really lovely friendship tendered by him and enjoyed by all Members of this great deliberative body—I wish to record my gratitude for having been able to participate in it.

Only yesterday, at about 5 minutes of 12, while I was engaged in a hearing on a committee, a note was passed to me saying that Senator ROBINSON was trying to reach me by telephone. I regret to say that, however rapidly I reached the telephone, I was unable to get into communication with him, and his office was unable to say where he might be called. Nevertheless, I feel that there is to be forever cherished in my memory the fact that he was trying to get in touch with me so late as about the hour of noon yesterday.

Mr. NEELY. Mr. President—

> Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
> Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
> The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
> The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

And oh, how swiftly the wine of life oozes; how rapidly the leaves of life fall within the little circle that surrounds the membership of the United States Senate!

The grim, insatiate reaper, with marble heart that feels no pity; with icy hand that knows no mercy; with sickle keen, that never turns its edge, has, without an instant's warning, removed JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, one of the most illustrious of Senators, from the tumultuous land of the living to the silent land of the dead.

For much more than a quarter of a century he was one of the most celebrated men of the Nation. He was successively a member of the general assembly of his State, a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States, Governor of Arkansas, and a Member of this body continuously from 1913 until last night, when his eyes closed in that peaceful sleep "from which none ever wake to weep."

Less than 20 hours ago he appeared to be in perfect health, in the very flower of mature manhood, and but a short step from the summit of human achievement. Only yesterday he was magnificently leading one side of the greatest parliamentary battle that has been waged in the Senate since the days of Webster and Calhoun and Clay.

A more capable, conscientious, or courageous forensic chieftain never entered the lists. He illuminated every question he discussed, graced every cause he espoused, dignified every task he touched, and ennobled every duty he performed.

But now we call his name in vain. From his pallid lips an answer nevermore will come. In the hush that pervades this sanctuary which he so long and so brilliantly adorned we realize that this faithful friend has sailed that surging, sad,

and solemn sea which separates the narrow shores of time from the boundless kingdom of eternity. He has passed the limits of earthly vision.

His living form cannot be seen through the telescopes of science or the tears of grief. But in this hour of overwhelming anguish we look beyond the cloud of gloom that hangs above us like a pall and there, through faith, we see the star of hope still shining on. In the lustrous light of that constant star we read the assuring promise of the Savior of the world:

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.
And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Fellow Senators, in this promise let us put our trust. While dogmas perish and creeds crumble, while agnosticism decays and atheism dies, let us continue to lean upon the everlasting arm, believing that the twilight here is but the dawn of a grander day upon some other shore. Believing that the feeble flame that flickers here for a little while will at last leap into a bright and shining light when the spirit of man has winged its flight back to Him that gave it birth.

God grant that JOE ROBINSON is now walking the streets of paradise that are paved with stars.

Illustrious patriot and leader, loved and loving husband, cherished, faithful friend, a long farewell!

All our hearts are buried with you,
All our thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the famine and the fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon our task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps we shall follow
To the islands of the blessed,
To the land of the hereafter!

Farewell, great heart, till we meet you in the purple dawn of an endless day in that imperishable realm where the rain-

bow never fades, where no one ever grows old, where friends never part, and loved ones never, never die.

Mr. BYRNES. Mr. President, as I have listened to my colleagues I have wanted to join in paying tribute to Senator ROBINSON, but I have doubted, and doubt now, that I can give expression to my thoughts. Certainly to this grief-stricken group I would not recite Senator ROBINSON'S public service. That service is known to each and every one of us. It is a matter of record, and that record will ever be an inspiration to the American people.

Reference has been made to his service as Democratic leader of the Senate, to his courage and forcefulness. I like to think of his fairness; and within the last few moments I have thought that it is fortunate that during the last few weeks an occasion arose which gave opportunity to every Member of this body, regardless of political affiliation, to offer to Senator ROBINSON evidence of the esteem in which he was held by those with whom he served.

I came to the House of Representatives in 1911. I lived in the same hotel with Senator ROBINSON. For 25 years I have been intimately associated with him. Happiness has come to me out of that intimate association. I enjoyed his friendship, and my life was enriched by reason of it. The Senate has lost a great leader. The Nation has lost a patriotic public servant. I have lost a loyal friend.

Mr. ASHURST. Mr. President, JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, patriot, statesman, orator, great lawyer, most successful parliamentary leader of his generation, has reached his journey's end and has gone to that vast realm of peace and of joy where the innumerable dwell.

As he lived, he died—valiant for truth, brave, imperious, and incorruptible, and I but speak the feeling of every Senator when I say we were all proud to be his friend and honored to be his contemporaries. His far-shining fame is built upon his faithful, constant service to his country. High above the

range of doubt or fear, he held steadfastly to his main purpose—good government. With a grim gameness he traversed the long, hard path of duty, bearing aloft a flambeau of idealism, the cleansing flame of which he never permitted to expire.

Mr. PEPPER. Mr. President, I covet the experience of my older colleagues that they have been privileged to enjoy a longer but not a more appreciative friendship with Senator ROBINSON than have I. It has been my privilege to know him for about 6 months of this year, but I could never have had a father more considerate of me than he was, or more helpful in counsel. His door always stood open to the new Members of this body, who went to him as a son would to a father to take his counsel and his generous advice.

I know of no epitaph, Mr. President, to be applied to our departed colleague more appropriate than the words uttered by Antony as he looked down upon another who lay still in death:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Mr. OVERTON. Mr. President, that JOSEPH T. ROBINSON was a great Senator, a great lawyer, a great leader, a great statesman is beyond all question. That his sudden death is being mourned at this hour throughout the length and breadth of this land is most true. In the midst of the general encomiums being paid to his memory today I wish to offer this personal tribute.

From the day that I entered the United States Senate there has never been a time when I did not feel privileged to go to Senator ROBINSON for counsel and advice. There never was an occasion when he did not willingly and gladly give me his aid. He was always kind, always courteous, always sympathetic. He was my friend; he was a friend to us all.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions presented by the Senator from Arkansas [Mrs. Caraway].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair will announce later the committee to be appointed under the second resolution.

Mrs. CARAWAY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, July 15, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian.

THURSDAY, *July 15, 1937.*

The Chaplain, Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O merciful God and Heavenly Father, who has taught us in Thy Holy Word that Thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men: We come unto Thee at this sorrow-laden hour like ships storm driven into port, like wanderers seeking refuge from the whelming night, asking Thee to receive us, to shelter us under Thy wing, to hide us in Thy heart.

Thou hast taken unto Thyself the soul of our beloved friend and gallant leader, for whose like we thank Thee, who knew no fear save that of wounding Thee, who never stooped to an unchivalrous deed, but always bowed in reverence before the innocence of little children because his heart was pure. Help us to imitate his virtues and at this altar of our sorrow to rededicate our lives to Thee and to the service of our beloved country. Through these halting hours of

anguish deal tenderly, O compassionate Father, with the dear one, the heart companion of his life; enfold her in Thine arms of everlasting love, and by the very hush of Thy presence soothe her aching heart.

Bide with us all, dear Lord, for day is fast dying and the shadows of the night shall fall, and soon we shall no longer see each other's faces here, but be our light in darkness 'til Thy day shall break above us as we wait. We ask it in the name and for the sake of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

Mrs. CARAWAY. Mr. President, yesterday Members of this body arose to express their sorrow upon the death of my colleague the late senior Senator from my State, the veteran majority leader. It was a heartfelt outpouring of their respect and love for him which will in time bring great comfort to his family. That it would have meant much to him to have had such expressions of love and respect to buoy him up through the severe strain of his legislative duties no one can doubt; but all humanity is shy about expressing itself on the things they feel most deeply for fear of being thought guilty of sentimentality.

For years Senator ROBINSON has been in the public eye. He ever displayed a courage and loyalty of the highest order, combined with strong native ability, which has been and will continue to be a matter of great pride to Arkansas. No other man in our State ever wielded a greater power in both State and Nation, nor will another in a century.

I may not be able to express myself so forcefully or dramatically as some. I feel too deeply the loss of this man to his State, to us here in the Senate, and to the country

to be able to talk about it. He was my friend. We shall for years to come regret his untimely death and wish that he were here to advise and direct.

Mr. President, I send a resolution to the desk, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The clerk will read the resolution.

The resolution (S. Res. 151) was read and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Secretary invite the Members of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON in the Senate Chamber on Friday, July 16, at 12 o'clock m., and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate; and be it further

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps (through the Secretary of State), the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Naval Operations of the Navy, the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Commandant of the Coast Guard to attend the funeral in the Senate Chamber.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, according to the resolution just agreed to the funeral services will be held in this Chamber at 12 o'clock noon tomorrow in honor of the late Senator ROBINSON. I ask unanimous consent that at the conclusion of the funeral services tomorrow the Senate shall stand adjourned until noon on Tuesday next.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Is there objection? The Chair hears none, and it is ordered.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. In reference to the appointment of a committee of Senators to attend the funeral ceremonies of the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, to be held at Little Rock, Ark., on Sunday, July 18, the Chair makes the following announcement:

The Senate, by resolution, authorized the Chair to appoint any Member on this committee. The Chair has

announced that any Senator who desires to attend such ceremonies will be considered as appointed on the committee. So far the following Senators have expressed a desire to attend such funeral ceremonies and be appointed on the committee:

Mr. Andrews, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Austin, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Bankhead, Mr. Barkley, Mr. Bilbo, Mr. Black, Mr. Bone, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Brown of Michigan, Mr. Bulkley, Mr. Burke, Mr. Byrd, Mr. Byrnes, Mrs. Caraway, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Clark, Mr. Connally, Mr. Dieterich, Mr. Ellender, Mr. Glass, Mr. Green, Mr. Guffey, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Herring, Mr. Holt, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Lee, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Lundeen, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. McCarran, Mr. McGill, Mr. McKellar, Mr. McNary, Mr. Minton, Mr. Murray, Mr. Neely, Mr. O'Mahoney, Mr. Overton, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Pittman, Mr. Pope, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Russell, Mr. Schwartz, Mr. Schwellenbach, Mr. Shipstead, Mr. Thomas of Utah, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Truman, Mr. Vandenberg, Mr. Wagner, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. White.

Mr. BARKLEY. I now move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Friday, July 16, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, *July 20, 1937.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Megill, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the following resolutions (H. Res. 279) adopted by the House:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives accepts the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral services of the late Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON to be held in the Senate Chamber, Friday, July 16, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian, and that the committee appointed by the Speaker of the House to attend the funeral shall act in conjunction with the committee of the Senate to make the necessary arrangements.

Resolved, That upon the return of the House to its Chamber following the services in the Senate Chamber the Speaker shall, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, declare the House adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

MONDAY, *March 7, 1938.*

On motion of Mrs. Caraway and by unanimous consent, it was—

Ordered, That on Wednesday, April 20, 1938, at 2 o'clock p. m., the legislative business of the Senate be suspended for the purpose of permitting memorial addresses to be delivered on the life, character, and public service of the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

TUESDAY, *June 14, 1938.*

Mr. LUNDEEN. Mr. President, Senator ROBINSON was an able leader and a brilliant Senator. His leadership inspired confidence, and whenever he announced that he was striving for victory in legislative matters, it seemed that victory was assured.

He was kind and considerate, but determined. He was well versed in parliamentary law and knew the customs and traditions of the Senate. A powerful figure was he—one to whom the country looked up with confidence.

I had the honor to be one of the group of Senators who accompanied his body to its last resting place in Little Rock, Ark.; and there we saw evidences on every hand that he was beloved by the people of his State, who thronged his residence and the surrounding grounds. The cemetery was thronged with friends and admirers who had followed his leadership under the banners of democracy these many years.

A terrific rainstorm came up and the rain fell in torrents, but even this storm seemed to be unable to disperse the crowd of hundreds who stood through this drenching rain. The hour was late before this great company began to disperse.

Little Rock and Arkansas will miss JOSEPH T. ROBINSON. We miss him in the Senate. We miss his counsel and advice. His spirit still pervades the Chamber where he served so many years.

Now we are glad to recognize outside of the main entrance to the Senate a most excellent portrait of our great leader that serves to ever remind us of the greatness and glory of his service.

The guidance and example of this man lives on, for "death is but a rusty scabbard from which emerges a shining sword."

As the years pass on the importance of his leadership will grow.

A prince once gazed on a warrior dead;
"Taller he seems in death," he said.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *July 14, 1937.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Speak to us, O Lord God, for in these moments we are so defenseless. Out of the depths of our sorrow we cry: Thou art our refuge and strength and a very present help in trouble. Heavenly Father, while life is a great adventure, whatever we do help us to be true to God and duty. We praise Thee for the joy of living and for the hopes and promises for its continuance beyond the timeless centuries. We pray that we may be in preparation for that eternal haven where conflict and struggle, wonder and mystery are over and they who have trod the earth in labor and in pain are now walking the highways of the City of God. Heavenly Father, a statesman who served his State and Nation with distinction and fidelity has fallen, clothed in his armor of renowned leadership. Our heavy hearts pause at the mercy seat of prayer; our cup of sorrow is so full; he was our friend, our neighbor, and brother. Encourage us to go forward that we may fulfill our destiny and enter upon that higher life as servants of the Lord. Oh, comfort her in whose breast there is such an unspeakable void and give her great peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. DRIVER. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to announce to the House of Representatives the death of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, the senior Senator from the State of Arkansas, which occurred last night in the Capital City, bringing to a close a long and notable career in the public service. Senator ROBINSON entered public service in the House of Representatives of the State Legislature of Arkansas in the year 1894. Almost immediately thereafter he

was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, and served in this body for 8 years, when, because of his outstanding ability, the people of my home State selected him as their Governor. Before he had served in that office 30 days a vacancy occurred in the Senate in the Sixty-second Congress, and he was elected by the State legislature to serve an unexpired term in the Senate, and has served continuously in that body since that period up to the date of his death.

In 1922 Senator ROBINSON was selected as the chairman of the minority conference in the Senate and served in that office until a change of administration occurred on the 4th of March 1933, when he was elected majority leader, and has rendered most distinguished service in that capacity during the period in which we have been engaged in recovery legislation.

Mr. Speaker, no man, in my opinion, has rendered a more unselfish, a more patriotic service than has this great citizen from my home State. He died in the harness, as he would wish to die, but I cannot help thinking of the period in Biblical history, when one of the great characters of that time was led up and afforded an opportunity to look over the Promised Land, which he never entered. Senator ROBINSON'S life ambition was to serve on the Supreme Court of the United States. It is believed by many that he would have attained that great ambition had he lived but a few more days, but it was denied him.

My friends, the Nation has suffered a most serious loss in the passing of this great man, and the State of Arkansas, his native State, has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its most distinguished citizen. At a later date remarks more protracted and suitable to the occasion will be offered.

I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 278) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, a Senator of the United States from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 23 Members be appointed on the part of the House to join with the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The Chair appointed the following committee under the terms of the resolution:

Mr. Rayburn, Mr. Snell, Mr. Doughton, Mr. Jones, Mr. Driver, Mr. McReynolds, Mr. O'Connor of New York, Mr. Woodrum, Mr. Warren, Mr. Fuller, Mr. Boehne, Mr. Miller, Mr. Dingell, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Robsion of Kentucky, Mr. Terry, Mr. Cravens, Mr. Short, Mr. Snyder of Pennsylvania, Mr. McClellan, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Michener, and Mr. Kitchens.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the concluding portion of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 17 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, July 15, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon.

THURSDAY, *July 15, 1937.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Senate Resolution 150

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

July 6 (calendar day, July 14), 1937.

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the President pro tempore to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Senate Resolution 151

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

July 15, 1937.

Resolved, That the Secretary invite the Members of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON in the Senate Chamber on Friday, July 16, at 12 o'clock meridian, and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate; and be it further

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps (through the Secretary of State), the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Naval Operations of the Navy, the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Commandant of the Coast Guard to attend the funeral in the Senate Chamber.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 279) as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives accepts the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral services of the late Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON to be held in the Senate Chamber Friday, July 16, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian, and that the committee

appointed by the Speaker of the House to attend the funeral shall act in conjunction with the committee of the Senate to make the necessary arrangements.

Resolved, That upon the return of the House to its Chamber following the services in the Senate Chamber the Speaker shall, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, declare the House adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolution was agreed to.

FRIDAY, *July 16, 1937.*

The SPEAKER. The Chair suggests to the Members, in view of the fact that certain seats have been reserved in the Senate Chamber for the committee appointed to attend the funeral of the late Senator ROBINSON, that the committee immediately follow the Speaker and that the Members then follow the committee in the procession to the Senate Chamber. The Speaker will take his place at the door, the members of the committee will fall in behind him, and the other Members will follow in order.

Thereupon, at 11:55 o'clock a. m., the Members of the House proceeded to the Senate Chamber.

At 12:43 o'clock p. m., the Members of the House returned to the House Chamber.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 279 and the special order agreed to upon yesterday, the House, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, will stand adjourned until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 47 minutes p. m.) the House, in accordance with its previous order, adjourned until Monday, July 19, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon.

Funeral Services
in the
United States Senate

Funeral Services

FRIDAY, *July 16, 1937.*

The casket containing the body of the deceased Senator had been previously brought into the Senate Chamber and placed in the area in front of the desk, being surrounded by many floral tributes.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senate is in session, according to the unanimous-consent order, to participate in the funeral services for the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, of Arkansas.

The invited guests of the Senate will be escorted to the places assigned them.

The Members of the House of Representatives, preceded by the Sergeant at Arms and the Clerk and by the Speaker, entered the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was escorted to a seat on the right of the President pro tempore. The Sergeant at Arms and Clerk were assigned to seats at the Secretary's desk, and Members of the House were given the seats provided for them.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps entered the Chamber and were seated to the left of the Vice President's desk.

Mr. Justice Butler, of the Supreme Court of the United States, representing that body, accompanied by the Marshal, entered the Chamber and was seated in the area to the left of the Vice President's desk.

The Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Naval Operations, the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Commandant of the Coast Guard entered the Chamber and were seated in the area to the left of the Vice President's desk.

Mrs. Robinson and relatives and friends of the deceased Senator, accompanied by Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D.,

Chaplain of the Senate, and Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives, entered the Chamber. Mrs. Robinson, members of the family, and friends were seated in the area below and to the left of the Vice President's desk. Dr. Phillips and Dr. Montgomery took their places at the Secretary's desk.

The President of the United States and the Members of his Cabinet, preceded by the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, entered the Chamber and were seated in the area in front and to the right of the Vice President's desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The President of the United States, members of the Cabinet, members of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Naval Operations, the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps and the Commandant of the Coast Guard, the House of Representatives of the United States and its Speaker [William B. Bankhead, of Alabama], the widow, relatives, and friends of the deceased having assembled, in accordance with the unanimous-consent order and invitation to participate in the formal Senate ceremonies on the occasion of the funeral of our late beloved colleague, Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, the Chair now, in accordance with that order, requests the Chaplain of the Senate to conduct the services.

Miss Helen Howison, of the city of Washington, sang "Lead Kindly Light."

Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

The Chaplain of the Senate recited from the Episcopal burial office as follows:

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

* * * * * * *

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though this body be destroyed, yet shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

* * * * * * *

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

* * * * * * *

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences, and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment; every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears consider my calling; hold not Thy peace at my tears; for I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more seen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

(St. John 14: 1)

Jesus said, Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.

(Romans 8: 14)

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against

us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Here endeth the lesson.

Let us pray.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home today
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross!
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding adown through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Father, be near when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink
For it may be I am nearer home—
Nearer now than I think.

Amen.

O Father of mercies, O God of all comfort, in whom we live and move and have our being, we pray Thine especial blessing upon these dear children of Thine. Oh, may they feel that underneath are Thine everlasting arms. May they know that though they pass through the rivers, Thou art with them; and through the waters, they shall not overflow them. Though they walk through the fire, they shall not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon them; for Thou art the Lord their God, the Holy One of Israel, their Saviour. Deal tenderly with them in their affliction. Comfort, strengthen, and stablish them. Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon them, and breathe upon them that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, that peace which passeth all understanding. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, who by Thy death didst take away the sting of death, grant unto us Thy servants so to follow in faith where Thou hast led the way that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in Thee and awake after Thy likeness through Thy mercy, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

O Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son, Christ our Lord, grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give Thee hearty thanks for the noble and gracious example of our beloved friend, Thy servant, who hath but yesterday fallen on sleep. Grant that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy

holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in Thy eternal and everlasting glory. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live in whatsoever world or condition they be, we beseech Thee for him, Thy blessed child, whose name and dwelling place and every need Thou only knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation in paradise, in the companionship of saints and loved ones, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love. Grant that his life, so wonderful here, so full of love and tenderness, may yet unfold itself in Thy sight and find sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity.

If in aught we can minister to his peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and so keep us from every act which may deprive us of the sight of him as soon as our trial time is over or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the day hath come.

Pardon, O Gracious Lord and Father, whatever is amiss in this our prayer, and let Thy will be done, for our will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think; and we only ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

And now, Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, holy rest, and peace at the last. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Amen.

Miss Helen Howison sang the following three verses from the hymn "Abide With Me."

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

The Chaplain of the House of Representatives pronounced the benediction as follows:

May the peace of God that passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

And now may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit remain with you always. Amen.

At 12 o'clock and 43 minutes p. m., the funeral ceremonies having been concluded, and Mrs. Robinson and relatives and friends of the deceased Senator and the invited guests retired from the Chamber.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, in compliance with the unanimous-consent order entered on yesterday, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 44 minutes p. m.) the Senate, under the order previously entered, adjourned until Tuesday, July 20, 1937, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Tributes

Tributes

Address by Rev. A. Bascom Watts

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record the very beautiful tribute paid to our late departed colleague and leader, Senator ROBINSON, by the Reverend H. Bascom Watts, delivered at the funeral services at Little Rock, Ark., on last Sunday afternoon.

There being no objection, the sermon was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

SERMON BY REV. H. BASCOM WATTS AT THE FUNERAL OF SENITOR ROBINSON

Here we pay our tribute of respect to a great representative American—JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON. I shall not speak comprehensively of his work as a public official. That has been adequately reviewed in the national press and by his admiring colleagues in official life; and what word of eulogy could I speak that would be sufficient? It is proper only that I should seek to be the medium for expressing the deep affection and high esteem in which he was held by the people of the State of Arkansas.

Half a dozen years short of the threescore and ten of the Psalmist, yet few others in the history of our Nation's life have lived so tremendously and with such a varied career as this eminent statesman. We are a little too close to him now to do justice to him. Some of us admired him so enthusiastically that our praise may sound a bit strident and may thus lose its force. Time will properly adjust his fame. I think that adjustment will assign him a very high place in American history.

In the decades from about 1810 to 1850 there were three dominating personalities in American legislative life—Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Possibly it may be too early to put Senator ROBINSON in a category with them, and I am sure he would have been the last to have claimed any such distinction. But when a history of the Congress and the crucial issues before it in the last three decades is scientifically presented by careful students of the period, it cannot omit him from rank with the foremost.

However, I am not thinking of him so much as a statesman, or even a great man, but as a personality. When you saw Senator ROBINSON you saw a remarkable personality. The test of personality is the human interest in the daily incidents, reactions, and manners of the man. How did he smile; why did he frown; what were his tricks of gesture and speech; in what spirit did he meet the troubles and trials of everyday life? Some men are aloof and austere—only their doctrines interest us. They are mere doctrinaires. Human contact with them detracts from their influence. No mere "glad-hander" was Senator ROBINSON, but neither was he aloof nor austere. His life, political, domestic, personal, was singularly open and so vitally human that he inspired in men associated with him genuine affection and unfeigned confidence.

Among tall mountains it is hard to measure peaks. There is too much of ROBINSON, too many vividly related phases of his unusual personality, to discuss at length his great career as legislator, advocate, Congressman, Governor, United States Senator, leader of his party, representative of his Government at distinguished international tribunals, citizen, friend, husband. Certain things are outstanding in his life, however, as the memory of it hurries past the rush of our thoughts this afternoon. Let me point them in rapid succession.

Ever lover of his country, through good and evil report; born and reared in the South, he was idolized all over the country, greeted everywhere he went by sympathetic crowds of the plain people who recognized that whatever his errors of judgments, whatever the impetuosity of his speech, here was at heart a man who was a true democrat in a great Republic, his mind open to their aspirations, his hand outstretched to their aid, his voice outspoken for their rights.

He was sometimes a caustic critic of more cautious men and measures. He was a man of great force. And folks like force. He walked with a firm tread. Whatever his faults, the one offense which could never be laid to his charge was the crime of evasion or inactivity, of which Browning said in The Statue and the Bust:

> "The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost,
> Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

His lamp was ever alight with the oil of activity and his loins girt for the battles of justice.

Two things were predominant in JOSEPH T. ROBINSON—militancy and sincerity. He was a fighter, but no one ever denied his courage or questioned the undoubted sincerity of conviction with which he entered the fight. "What is right?" "What ought to

be done?" That was enough. Pain or possible defeat did not deter him. He was a politician. Surely. That was his profession. He was a vote getter. True. But I question if he ever compromised a conviction for a vote. He was not a demagogue. He denounced wrong and injustice to its face. He was a man with whom no one could agree in all things. He outstrode ordinary thinking men. Yet perhaps no man in our generation has been more nearly a representative American.

Most prominent of the expressions that his death called forth here in the city where he was so well known was the repeated statement, "He was my friend." In the faces of these hundreds who pay their last tribute of respect and of the thousands who could not get inside these walls, there is written as clearly as my words, "He was my friend." His was a genius for friendship composed of a warm interest in his fellow men. His interest was not assumed but was inherent and genuine.

When a man is in public life the searchlight of publicity shows only his dominant traits; these are often overemphasized and out of proportion to other qualities. It remains for family and neighbors and friends here in Arkansas to give the more intimate knowledge that reveals a well-rounded estimate of his character. All who knew him well recognized Senator ROBINSON'S deep religious faith. Not a faith that he wore on his sleeve, but one that was in touch with hidden sources in his heart. He kept undimmed the simplicity and fervor of his youthful religious convictions. This Sunday-school teacher in his youth, this lay preacher of righteousness in his young manhood, this battler for social justice to the end of the way, who "did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God", went unafraid to meet the Great Judge of us all. Alone in the darkness of a midnight this "Greatheart" passed on. But a new light was about to shine for him from the throne of God. He had entered on the great adventure.

To paraphrase the words of another, he may not have been the master of his fate—few men are that—but he was at all times and under all circumstances the captain of his soul. Today our State bows its head and half-masts its flags while these simple obsequies are accorded our great departed leader. No eulogy, no flowers can adequately express the devotion we bore him and the admiration in which we held him. Arkansas' most representative American, known in every part of the earth, goes to his grave as a quiet Christian gentleman, greatly beloved by his neighbors. You and I may well remember him today. We shall not soon see his like again. Thank God for the memory and heritage of JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON.

We join with the Nation in laying our wreath of tribute by his last resting place. He will sleep among the trees that he so greatly loved, in the soil of his beloved native State from which he went out to a place of eminence in world affairs. We, his neighbors and friends, tearfully turn from the silence of this scene to the busy marts of men, knowing that Robert Louis Stevenson's requiem would have expressed his wish:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

Address by Senator Lewis

Of Illinois

Mr. HARRISON. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that a radio address delivered on the 15th instant by the able Senator from Illinois [Mr. Lewis], being a eulogy to the late Senator ROBINSON, may be printed in the Record.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

EULOGY ON SENATOR JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, OF ARKANSAS, DELIVERED OVER THE RADIO BY THE SENATE MAJORITY WHIP, JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS

I speak as one of the voices of the United States Senate—as the parliamentary aide designated as whip of the Senate. The whip is an officer of the organization to whom is committed discretion to direct, request, and sometimes command the Members to their places in the anxiety of holding what we call "quorum"—a certain number necessary to make legislation legal in the number of votes cast.

Oftentimes the question is asked by the newly arrived Member of the whip, "What is our vote?"—and when it is an administration measure they take their direction from the whip, unless the matter is one of personal judgment calling for action of the Senator separate from party or administration organization. It is as such whip I am permitted today to express the testimonial arranged for to be conveyed this hour by radio. I thank those who have committed to me the duty and the honor.

I wish that the public would understand that they have been misled in their judgment as to the Senate. There are many Members who would appear to the spectators as not fitted to the work of the floor, such as debate or oratory. But let it be known that these men have special qualities which fit business and agriculture to such high degree that they are sent here because of their excellence in that specialty.

I beseech you to also contemplate that the position of United States Senator is the highest honor that can be conferred by any State to any man, and oftentimes is an honor which in the hands of capable men becomes greater and more powerful than that of

the Presidency of the United States. You will readily see from that that no State would let a useless, worthless, and incompetent man achieve such place. There are too many rivals, too many seeking the honor. This fact is to indicate to you that any man of any politics who is a Member of this body has a special quality of fitness and superiority which you need but investigate to discover—and then to be assured, that he serves the place with compensation to his public and with honor to himself.

Senator JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON was one of these. He came from a State that had since its foundation attached great importance to the manner of man and character that is granted the honor of United States Senator. Apart from that era when—following the Civil War, certain States were unhappily afflicted by situations that produced officials that no body of human beings of noble standards and Christian emotions could justify—there was no exception to the standard adopted by Arkansas in the nature of men she sent to this very high honor.

I first knew Senator ROBINSON when we were Members of the House of Representatives. I then rejoined him in the United States Senate when I came for the first time to the Senate through the national election of 1912 and he came from the Governorship of Arkansas. A personal relation sprung forth and has remained, despite many differences of abstract politics. Let it be remembered that in Congress I represented first the State of Washington in the far Northwest of the Pacific coast as Congressman at Large. In its interests naturally there was often opposition to the interest demanded by the Midwest and Southern States. Later, coming, as I did, as Senator from the State of Illinois, I found myself equally at variance with opinions of my honorable colleague of Arkansas, and the neighboring States. These differences brought us from time to time in contact, but such only revealed the personal character of friendship, tolerance, and patience—then of forgiveness that necessarily attends successful, at least honorable, statesmanship.

In the controversies in the United States Senate there is always necessary an organization that shall settle on two things. First, what shall be the program of procedure under the general parliamentary law of assembly and debate. The second is some representative distinctively speaking for the measures of the administration in power. It is assumed that the President, elected by the votes of the people, has a right to present what he understands are the issues upon which the people chose him. He, for this privilege, has the right to command of his Congress—as they were elected on the same issues and on the same platform principles—that they ally and cooperate with him in carrying out these prin-

ciples and the measures that execute them. Thus it is we speak of "administration measures."

I pause a second to recall to the countrymen that now and then the whimsical expression of "rubber stamp" of those who be the President's followers is indulged in some spirit of jest or general condemnation, but let it be remembered that the "rubber stamp" is not in compliance with the President, but in compliance with the people who elected the Congressmen, the Senators, and the President. If this were not true, one could see that it would not matter how much an election reverses the policy of a previous administration; it would be of no value to the public if the representative would, as to legislation, continue defeating the President in his legislation. Then soon would follow the revolt, and we would have in our own country the repetition of what brought on the revolution of England between the leadership of Cromwell on behalf of the people and that of the King, Charles I, and his Parliament; and then in the second era, the controversy between Parliament and Cromwell. This could be constantly repeated. Our people saw that it was repeated as against President Wilson, the Democrat, in his second administration, and against Hoover, the Republican, in his administration. Therefore, to guide the measures, someone is chosen who speaks what the committee on management has decided some hours before should be the program. This particular director is called the "leader." As he is supposed to lead the measure to its consideration, aided by those who are his chosen assistants, and who, being chosen by the whole body in caucus, become equally the voice of the administration on the measure as is their leader. "Statesmanship," says Joubert, "is the art of leading the masses, or the majority." "Its glory", says he, "is to lead them, not where they want to go, but where they ought to go."

It was such a leader we have in Senator Robinson, of whom we now speak. It is as to him we may say—a great tree has fallen; the forest echoes the wail from its branches.

This United States Senate of the phalanx designated by the term "the democracy" was captained by the command of the American citizen from Arkansas—Joseph Taylor Robinson. His command was inheritance of his character as one approved in honor, and as a citizen established in deeds of service. This manifested to his own beloved at his side and to his national countrymen. As a lawyer, he was learned in the rights of man. As legislator, he was devoted to the prescriptions of the State that ordained equality and righteousness to men.

As Senator, he was the fixed and constant student of the endurances of nature and the experiences of statesmen. From the

test of Senator to leadership of parliamentary tactics was the true growth and fruit of his merit. Ever forceful, constantly aggressive, truly devoted, he never compromised the principles to which he directed his efforts. Here let it be remembered that in the opposition, whether it be called Republican, or as now, in some friction or fracture in one's own party, the very best brains expressed in debate the most exalted talents in encounter—the noble intellect that comes from the State, the Senators speaking the best thought of their home people. This is the combination that must be met by the leader and his aides. It was a leader in statesmanship that Mr. ROBINSON was—gentle in friendship, serving in the call of the need, and successful in the combat for achievement of sublime purposes. He was from time to time chosen by Presidents of the United States of each party to attend the uses of parliamentary and economic sittings in the lands of Europe and Asia. In these distinctions he earned for himself the approval of that circle of officials represented in the distant lands. From that city of the assembly he bestowed to his country praise for service and renown for statesmanship. Hospitable in manner, generous in opposition, charitable in judgment, he won the tender sentiment of women and the secure friendship of men.

Chosen term after term by his own people of his historic State as Senator, he became illustrious as first citizen of Arkansas and the pride of southern statesmen. As official he led the Senate to the high purposes of constitutional government, and like Buckingham, of the English regime, "a statesman first to his country" and "a gentleman to his peers." As nominee for Vice President of the United States on the Democratic ticket he gave to the Nation on his speaking tour the signal oratory that labeled him of the old school—the Clay, of Kentucky; the Calhoun, of South Carolina; and the John W. Daniel, of Virginia. As such, orators and statesmen, the West and North received him to their welcome as one who gave generous measure to their rights and reward to their virtues. As such now the worthy leader statesman became the confidant of Presidents, the counselor of the Cabinets, and the guide of the Senate. In all, he preserved the true basis of public honor and private duty. To all he gave the salute of a friend, and to State and Nation ever he presented the symbol of statesmanship in its highest level. He ever kept before him that his guide for performance and standard of life personally and politically was God and country.

To JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, who today slipped against the obstruction of death and fell into the arms of eternity, we salute in the greeting of Horatio to Hamlet: "Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Messages From Foreign Nations

Mrs. CARAWAY. Mr. President, that the distinguished services of the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, of Arkansas, our leader and my colleague, were appreciated throughout the world is attested by the number of messages expressing to this Government sincere condolence upon his death. The principal nations of the earth have joined in these expressions; and I ask that they be preserved in the Congressional Record as a testimonial of the high esteem in which Senator ROBINSON was held by foreign nations. Copies of these telegrams and communications were received by the State Department and transmitted to the President of the Senate.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Without objection, the telegrams and communications will be printed in the Record.

The telegrams and communications are as follows:

[Translation]

EMBASSY OF ECUADOR,
Washington, July 15, 1937.

His Excellency Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Mr. SECRETARY: The news of the sudden death of the distinguished public man and eminent citizen of your country, the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, United States Senator for the State of Arkansas, has reached me [bringing] deep sorrow with [it].

His virtues as a patriot and a loyal collaborator, his knowledge, the energy displayed unceasingly within the Congress, in the service of democratic ideals, were appreciated and admired by those in my country who follow with interest the progress of this great Nation.

Permit me to express to Your Excellency, and through your worthy medium, to the illustrious Government, the Congress and the people of the United States, the sincere condolences of the Government and people of Ecuador, as well as my own, on the passing of the Honorable Senator ROBINSON.

I renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my very high consideration.

C. E. ALFARO.

[Copy]

LEGATION DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE TCHÉCHOSLOVAQUE,
Washington, D. C., July 17, 1937.

His Excellency the Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: Upon the receipt of a telegraphic message from Dr. Frantisek Soukup, President of the Czechoslovak Senate, I have the honor to request that you kindly convey to the United States Senate, the expression of sincere condolence of the Czechoslovak Parliament upon the loss of its illustrious and esteemed Member, Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON.

In the absence of the Minister, I wish to add his and my personal expressions of sympathy upon the decease of Mr. ROBINSON, whom we have always held in high regard.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

Dr. JOSEF NEMECEK,
In Charge of Affairs.

[Translation]

LEGATION OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC,
Washington.

The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Dominican Republic presents his compliments to His Excellency the Secretary of State, while acknowledging receipt of His Excellency's note informing him that the funeral of Senator JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON will be held in the Senate Chamber on Friday, July 16, at 12 o'clock, noon, and extending him an invitation to attend the ceremony.

The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Dominican Republic thanks His Excellency the Secretary of State for the invitation and avails himself of the opportunity to express to His Excellency, in his name and in the name of the Dominican Republic his sincere condolences on the death of the distinguished Senator ROBINSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 16, 1937.*

[Copy. Telegram received. Plain. From London. Undated. Received 1:30 p. m. July 16, 1937]

SECRETARY OF STATE,
Washington:

I want to express to you and to your Government my deepest sympathy for your great loss in the person of the late Senator ROBINSON.

TROYANOVSKY.

[Copy]

JAPANESE EMBASSY,
Washington.

The Japanese Ambassador presents his compliments to the honorable the Secretary of State and has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of his note of July 15, 1937, extending to him an invitation to attend the funeral services over the remains of the late Senator JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, which are to be held in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol at 12 o'clock noon on Friday, the 16th of July.

The Ambassador takes the occasion to express to the American Government his sincere sympathy for the loss it has sustained in the passing of Senator ROBINSON.

Owing to absence from Washington the Ambassador has designated Mr. Yakichiro Suma, counselor of the Embassy, to represent him at the services.

JULY 16, 1937.

[Translation]

LEGATION OF BOLIVIA,
Washington, July 15, 1937

His Excellency Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: In the name of the Government of Bolivia and in my own, I perform the painful duty of expressing to Your Excellency the most sincere condolence on the lamentable and unexpected death of the Honorable Senator JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, an eminent public man of great civic virtues, whose passing plunges American democracy into mourning.

Requesting Your Excellency to be good enough to accept the condolence which I have the honor to express as a demonstration of intense and deep sympathy on the part of my country and myself toward Your Excellency's country, I repeat to you the assurances of my very high and distinguished consideration.

LUIS GUACHALLA.

[Translation]

EMBASSY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN THE UNITED STATES,
Washington, July 15, 1937.

His Excellency the Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State of the United States, Washington, D. C.

MR. SECRETARY OF STATE: The Government of the French Republic and the French Nation have learned with sorrow of the

sudden death of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, majority leader in the Senate.

In conformity with instructions that I have just received, I have the honor to transmit to Your Excellency the sincere condolences of my Government on the loss which the United States of America has just experienced in the person of Mr. ROBINSON, and I should be very grateful if you would be good enough to transmit these condolences to the members of the family of the deceased Senator, as well as to the Members of the United States Senate.

Please accept, Mr. Secretary of State, the assurances of my very high consideration.

JULES HENRY.

[Copy]

ROYAL NORWEGIAN LEGATION,
Washington, D. C., July 15, 1937.

Hon. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

SIR: It is with deep feeling that I have the honor to convey to you, and through you to the American Government, the sincere condolences of the Norwegian Government at the great loss that has been sustained through the passing away of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

The Government and the people of Norway recognized in Senator ROBINSON a great and intrepid leader in that cause of democracy and social justice in which the American and the Norwegian peoples are partners.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

WILHELM MORGENSTIERNE.

[Copy]

EMBAJADA DE CUBA,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

His Excellency Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: I have the honor to convey to Your Excellency, in the name of my Government and in my own, the expression of deepest condolence in the unexpected and most lamentable death of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, a profound loss to Your Excellency's country and especially to the legislative body in which he served for so many years and where he was always one of the outstanding personalities.

Accept, Excellency, the assurances of my highest and most distinguished consideration.

MARTÍNEZ FRAGA.

[Copy]

LEGACION DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE VENEZUELA,
Washington, D. C., July 15, 1937.

His Excellency Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State of the United States of America,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have heard with much regret of the death of the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, majority leader of the Senate, in whose demise the United States loses one of its most important political assets.

In the name of the Venezuelan Government and in my own name, I have the honor to ask you to be so kind as to convey to His Excellency the President Roosevelt, our sincere sympathy and accept the same expression for yourself.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the assurance of my highest consideration.

DIÓGENES ESCALANTE.

[Copy]

REPUBLICA DE CHILE, EMBAJADA DE CHILE,
Washington, D. C., July 15, 1937.

His Excellency CORDELL HULL,
The Secretary of State, Etc., Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: I have learned with great sorrow of the death of the Honorable JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, majority leader in the United States Senate, and I beg leave to convey to you in the name of my Government, a most sincere expression of sympathy in the great loss to your people and Nation.

I should be most grateful if you would also transmit this expression of sympathy to Mrs. Robinson, to whom I venture, also, to offer my personal condolences.

Accept, Excellency, the assurances of my highest consideration.

M. TRUCCO.

[Copy]

IRISH FREE STATE LEGATION,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

The Honorable CORDELL HULL,
The Secretary of State of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that my Government have heard with profound regret of the death of majority floor leader,

Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, and have instructed me to convey to the Government of the United States and to the family of the deceased their sincere sympathy.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my highest consideration.

M. MACWHITE.

[Copy]

LEGACIÓN DE GUATAMALA,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

His Excellency CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: On behalf of the Government of Guatemala I have the honor to convey through you to the Government of the United States of America its expression of profound sorrow and regret at the great loss which it has been called upon to sustain in the death of the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, senior Senator from the State of Arkansas.

Please accept, Your Excellency, the assurances of my highest consideration.

ADRIAN RECINOS.

[Copy]

LEGACION DE NICARAGUA,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

His Excellency the Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: I have the honor to express to Your Excellency on behalf of my Government and of this Legation the most sincere condolences on the death of the distinguished statesman, the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Senator of the United States, and offer my deepest sympathy to Your Excellency's Government and to the people of your country on their loss.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest esteem and consideration.

C. BRENES JARQUÍN.

[Copy]

ROYAL BULGARIAN LEGATION,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

The Honorable Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have learned with great regret about the passing of the late majority leader of the Senate, Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

For his important and long-continued service in shaping the Nation's affairs, I wish to express to Your Excellency and to the American Government my participation in the national mourning and to request Your Excellency to transmit to the family of the late Senator ROBINSON my heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

I avail myself of this opportunity to reiterate to Your Excellency the assurance of my highest consideration.

D. A. NAOUMOFF,
Minister of Bulgaria.

[Copy]

SPANISH EMBASSY,
Washington, 15 de Julio de 1937.

His Excellency CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

EXCELLENCY: On behalf of the Spanish Government and myself I have the honor to express to Your Excellency the deepest and most sincere condolences on the death of the Honorable JOSEPH TAYLOR ROBINSON, late a Senator in Congress from the State of Arkansas.

Accept, Your Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

ENRIQUE CARLOS DE LA CASA.

[Translation]

EMBASSY OF MEXICO,
Washington, D. C., July 14, 1937.

His Excellency Mr. CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, etc.

Mr. SECRETARY: Today's press announces the unexpected death of the Senator from the State of Arkansas and the majority leader, JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

Knowing the antecedents of the illustrious deceased, as well as the prominent role which he had been playing in Congress, and the valuable services which he had rendered to his country throughout a long political career, I wish to express to Your Excellency's Government my most sincere regret.

I avail myself of this opportunity to again assure Your Excellency of my highest and most distinguished consideration.

F. CASTILLO NÁJERA,
Ambassador.

[Copy]

The Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: I wish to express to you and to request you to convey to the President and the Senate sincere personal condolences and those of my Government over the death of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON. His passing is a great loss to the country which he has served with such distinction.

Sincerely yours,

C. OUMANSKY, *Chargé d'Affaires.*

[Copy]

ROYAL EGYPTIAN LEGATION,
Washington, D. C., July 15, 1935.

The Honorable CORDELL HULL,
Secretary of State, Department of State,
Washington, D. C.

SIR: On behalf of the Egyptian Government I wish to express to you sincere condolences on the death of the late Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, of Arkansas.

In losing Senator ROBINSON the United States has lost a great leader and statesman and an outstanding citizen who devoted his entire life to the service of his country and his people. Egypt shares the sorrow of the American people in this great bereavement.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

ANIS AZER.

Resolutions

Mrs. CARAWAY presented a resolution adopted by Daniel Harder Post, No. 48, the American Legion, of Stuttgart, Ark., upon the occasion of the death of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas, which was ordered to lie on the table and to be printed in the Record, as follows:

Resolution of respect upon the death of Senator JOSEPH T. ROBINSON

When a distinguished, respected, esteemed, and eminent citizen and statesman, long a loyal and faithful public servant of this State and the Nation, has passed to his reward, it is appropriate that those who are the beneficiaries of his noble efforts should pay their last tributes of homage and respect to one who has so nobly conducted his life and ably served his constituency as to become not only one of the leading citizens and statesmen of the Nation, but of the entire civilized world: Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of this upright citizen, eminent statesman, and peerless leader, whose 40 years of unselfish public service commanded and received the universal respect and confidence of the people of this whole Nation, the State of Arkansas and the entire United States have suffered an irreparable and grievous loss.

That a copy of these resolutions be permanently recorded on the minutes of this post, a copy be furnished to the public press, and a copy transmitted to his grief-stricken widow, to the United States Senate, and to the national headquarters of the American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate resolutions adopted by the National Assembly of the Philippines as a tribute to the memory of Hon. JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, late a

Senator from the State of Arkansas, which were ordered to lie on the table and to be printed in the Record, as follows:

Whereas the sad news has been received of the passing of the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, floor leader of the United States Senate;

Whereas Senator ROBINSON has distinguished himself at all times as a true champion of democracy and self-rule;

Whereas his demise is a great loss both to the United States of America and to the Philippines: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the National Assembly of the Philippines do, as it hereby does, express the deepest grief over the death of the Honorable JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, floor leader of the United States Senate;

Resolved further, That the assembly adjourn its session immediately upon the approval of this resolution as a token of respect and sorrow; and

Resolved finally, That a certified copy of this resolution be forwarded through official channels to the President of the United States, the American Congress, and to Mrs. Joseph T. Robinson.

Adopted August 28, 1937.

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